

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. FANCY'S
WINTER.

M

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“In a Good Cause!”



The Whitefriars Press



N A GOOD CAUSE: SOUVENIR OF A PERFORMANCE GIVEN
ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 3,
AT THE PALACE THEATRE, IN AID OF
 MR. PUNCH'S FUND FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,
GREAT ORMOND STREET.

1900.

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"Acknowledgments!"

Prefatory.

“**T**HHERE is in Man’s Nature a secret Inclination and Motion towards love of others ; which if it be not spente, upon some one, or a few, doth naturally spread it selfe towards many, and maketh men become Humane and Charitable.”

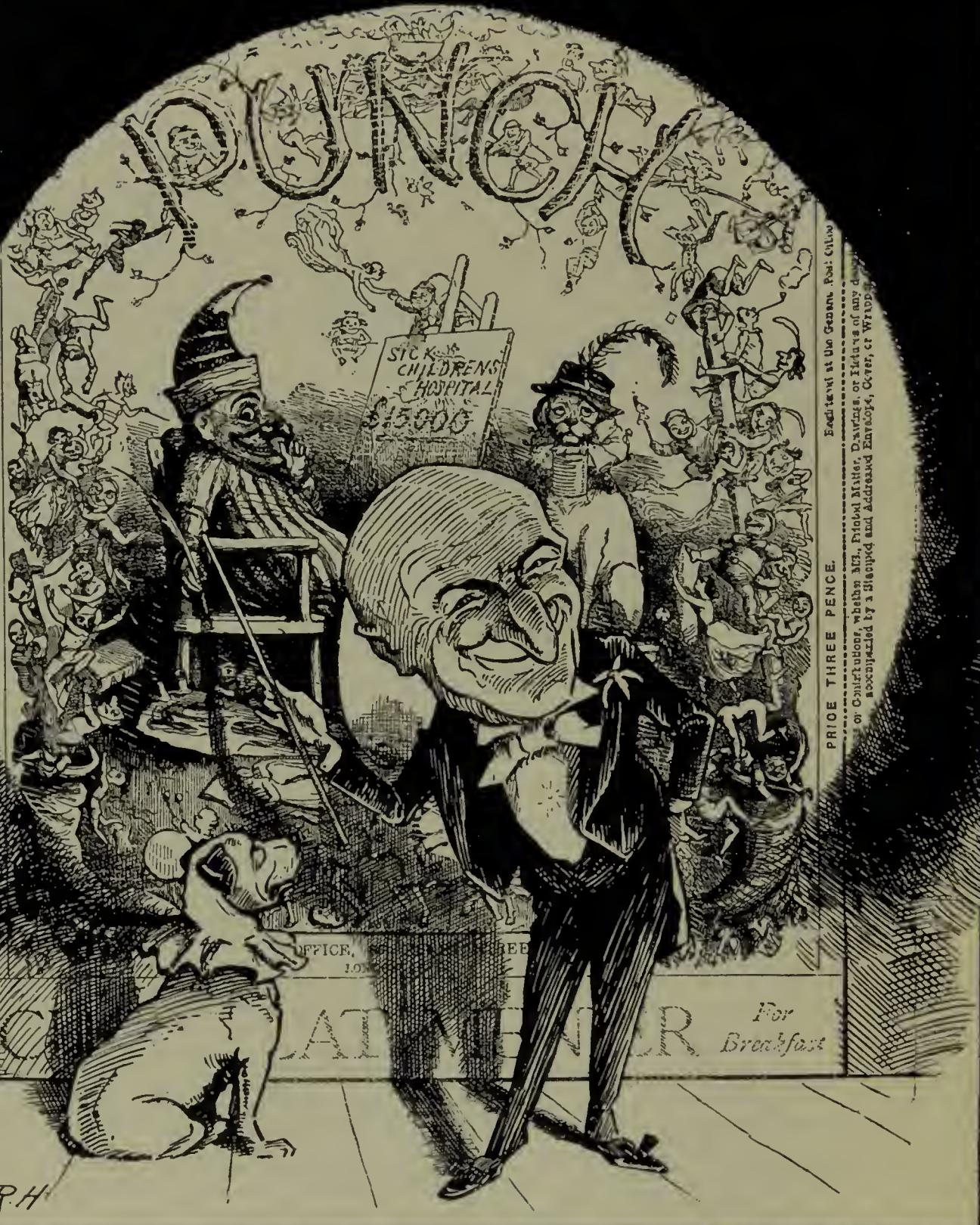
We have been fortunate in meeting with very many so inclined, and we gladly take this opportunity of thanking all who have so generously come forward to help us “in a good cause.”

Ours has been a labour of love, and we have ample reward—if any were needed—in knowing that our pleading has not been in vain.

W. L. B.

P. L. A.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY



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The Latest "Living Picture."

Mr. Punch as "The Coin Collector."

Mr. Punch has already collected

£15,356:0:0

To Mr Punch

Explaining his Perpetual Youth.

PRINCE of the board that groans with fatted calf,
Nicked with the knives of Thackeray and Keene,
Where, waxing stout, we constitute the Staff
On which your lusty limbs affect to lean,
O Evergreen—

What potion drawn from what immortal pump,
What roseate pill, what draught of ruby wine
Works in your veins that thus your hallowed hump
Of senile dotage gives no sort of sign
At fifty-nine ?

I know a secret culled from Nature's book,
Whereby the hunted creature, timely wise,
By way of self-defence assumes the look
Of those respective spots in which he lies,
Or feeds, or flies.

The rabbit grubbing in the grizzled copse,
On gaudy boughs the garish cockatoo,
The weasel like the earth from which he pops,
The khakied warrior on the dun karoo—
Of such are you !

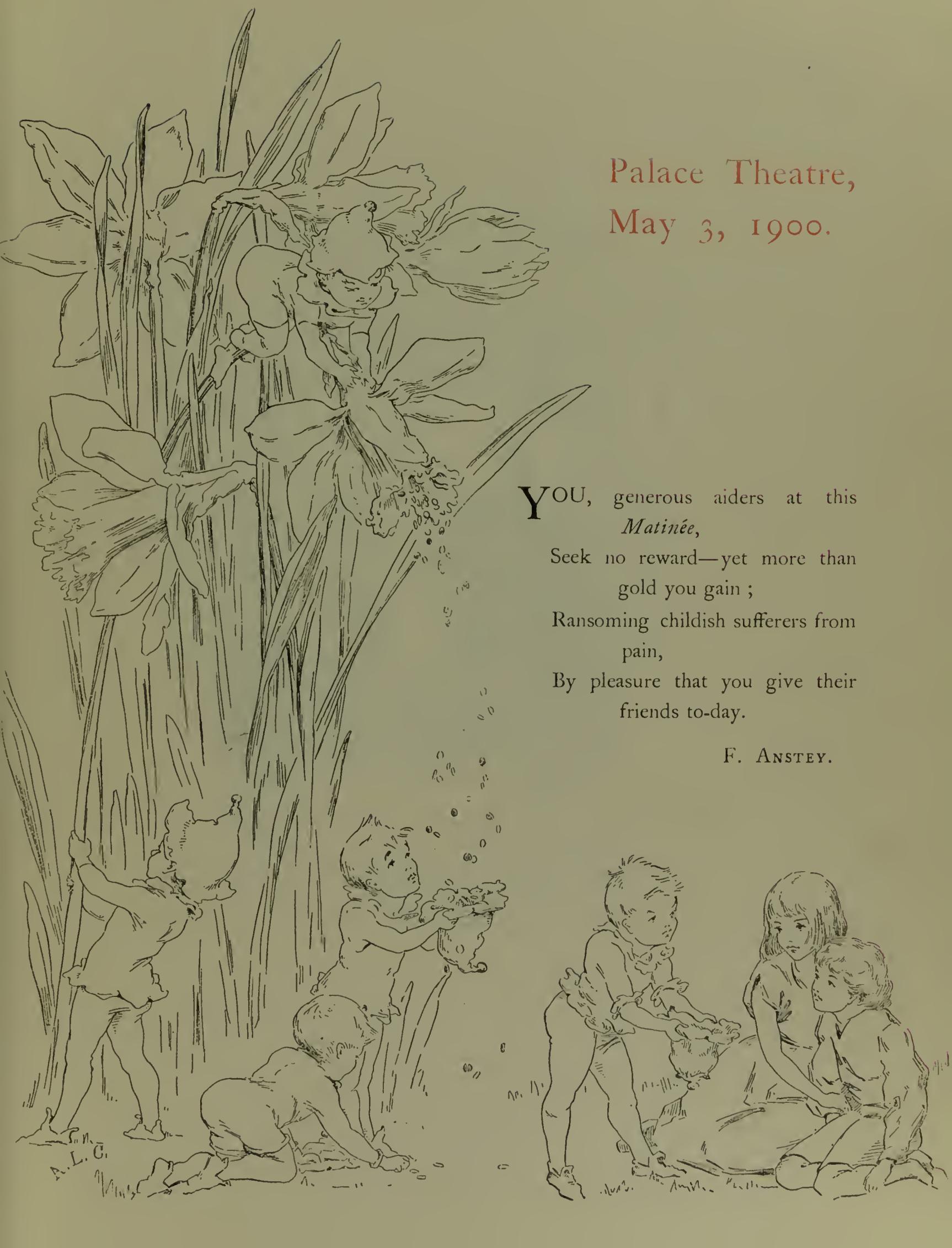
For you, whose chosen haunt is childhood's heart
(Witness to-day, and this memorial scene),
Playing in children's guise your veteran part,
Amid the bolts of Time you move serene,
Dear Evergreen !

OWEN SEAMAN.

Contents.

	PAGE
Half Title (<i>L. Raven Hill</i>)	
Title	
“Acknowledgments !” (<i>G. D. Armour</i>)	
Prefatory	
The latest “Living Picture” (<i>G. R. Halkett</i>)	viii
To Mr. Punch (<i>Owen Seaman</i>)	ix
Avant-propos (<i>F. Anstey</i>)	I
Charity (<i>Miss A. L. Codrington</i>)	I
Facsimile of Front Page of Programme : Palace Theatre, May 3, 1900 .	2
“Some of our Generous Aiders”	3
“In a Good Cause !” (<i>F. C. Burnand</i>)	5
“In a Good Cause !” (<i>L. Raven Hill</i>)	5
The Pied Piper up-to-date (<i>Sir John Tenniel</i>)	6
The Genial Gentleman (<i>Arthur W. à Beckett</i>)	7
Quatrains à la “Purse” (<i>A. J. Campbell</i>)	10
“A Most Palpable !” (<i>Sydney Harvey</i>)	11
Method in Madness (<i>G. L. Stampa</i>)	12
Advice to Persons about to become Members of Parliament (<i>Toby, M.P.</i>)	13
Little Englanders (<i>Will Owen</i>)	14
A Thousand Years Ago (<i>R. C. Lehmann</i>)	15
Dr. Punch’s Visit (<i>E. J. Wheeler</i>)	17
To Fathers and Mothers (<i>R. F. Sketchley</i>)	18
A Lesson in Cant (<i>A. S. Boyd</i>)	19
“Jilted” (<i>Starr Wood</i>)	20
The Lost Chick (<i>J. A. Shepherd</i>)	21
A Sonnet to my Fountain Pen (<i>Anthony C. Deane</i>)	22
In a Harbour (<i>A. E. W. Mason</i>)	23
The New Tenant for the Doll’s House (<i>Gordon Browne</i>)	26
Egotism (<i>Charles Pears</i>)	27
Study of a Child (<i>Lewis Baumer</i>)	28
A Bachelor Uncle’s Diary (<i>Fox Russell</i>)	29
Going to the Meet (<i>R. J. Richardson</i>)	31
Nunc est donandum (<i>G. C. Pollock</i>)	32
“Sound the Assembly !” (<i>Clement Scott</i>)	33
“Sound the Assembly ! Brave Union Jack !” (<i>Linley Sambourne</i>) . .	35
The Front Row of the Stalls : Prehistoric Palace Theatre (<i>E. T. Reed</i>)	36
The Röntgen Spectacles (<i>Henry Beauchamp</i>)	37
Souvenir de Chodowiecki (<i>Bernard Partridge</i>)	42

	PAGE
Any Excuse is Better than None (<i>Tom Browne</i>)	46
A Hoarding in Ancient Rome (<i>C. Harrison</i>)	47
A Variety Entertainment. Drawn by our Youngest Contributor (<i>Harry's Son</i>)	47
Winnie : a Riverside Sketch (<i>J. Ashby-Sterry</i>)	48
Winsome Marie (<i>James Greig</i>)	49
To Mr. Punch (<i>M. H. Spielmann</i>)	50
The Return of the Prodigal (<i>G. P. Jacomb-Hood</i>)	53
“Uncle” (<i>John Hollingshead</i>)	54
Every Little Helps (<i>A. C. Corbould</i>)	57
A May Maxim. By a Wise Wife (<i>G. D. Lynch</i>)	58
The Moods of Men (<i>G. K. Menzies</i>)	59
“Where Innocence is Bliss” (<i>Geo. Phœnix</i>)	61
A Real Bargain (<i>J. S. Risley</i>)	62
Do's and Don'ts (<i>A. Lang</i>)	63
A Happy Thought (<i>G. H. Jalland</i>)	67
Spring! (<i>Fred Edmonds</i>)	68
A Youthful Warrior (<i>Ralph Cleaver</i>)	70
What's in a Name? (<i>W. Sapte, Junr.</i>)	71
Bank Holiday—Wessex Way (<i>S. Alcock</i>)	73
A Change of Heir : a Tragedy of the Death Duties (<i>Reginald Turner</i>) .	74
Happy Days (except for Old John) (<i>W. J. Hodgson</i>)	76
The Confectioner his Shop (<i>Barry Pain</i>)	77
Study of a Dutchman (<i>Phil May</i>)	79
“Punch”ed Heads of Remarkable Intelligence (<i>E. Kay Robinson</i>) . .	80
Heroism at Home (<i>Everard Hopkins</i>)	83
In Health (<i>Harry B. Neilson</i>)	84
My Fate (<i>Diane Chasseresse</i>)	85
In Sickness (<i>Harry B. Neilson</i>)	87
The Hospital Boy (<i>G. B. Burgin</i>)	88
May : a Song of Platitudes (<i>Arthur A. Sykes</i>)	89
Ornithological (<i>J. Leighton</i>)	91
A Willing Contributor (<i>J. P. Atkinson</i>)	92
A Visit from Mr. Punch (<i>St. J. Hankin</i>)	93
“What about my ‘Little Tambourine’?” (<i>Tom Wilkinson</i>)	95
The Cripple's Home (<i>A. Wallis Mills</i>)	96
May 3rd, 1900 (<i>E. T. Hopkins</i>)	97
Two Philosophers (<i>Miss M. W. Dunlop</i>)	98
Les Enfants Malades (<i>Auguste de Bassompierre</i>)	99
L'Envoi (<i>F. C. Burnand</i>)	101
Punch's Cot (<i>L. Raven Hill</i>)	101



Palace Theatre,
May 3, 1900.

YOU, generous aiders at this
Matinée,
Seek no reward—yet more than
gold you gain ;
Ransoming childish sufferers from
pain,
By pleasure that you give their
friends to-day.

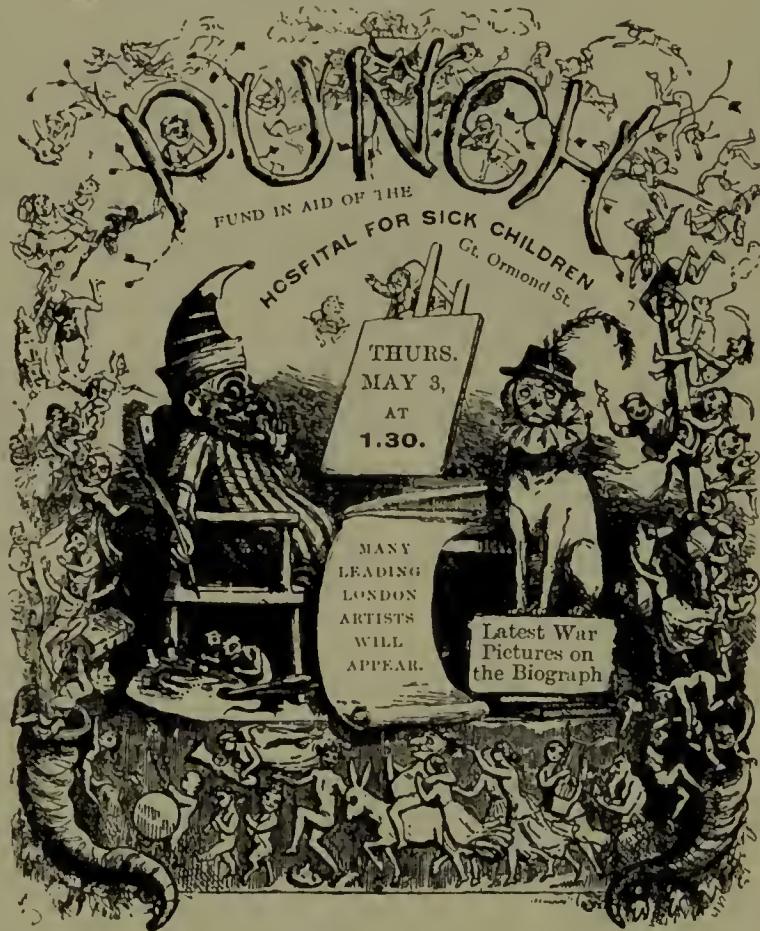
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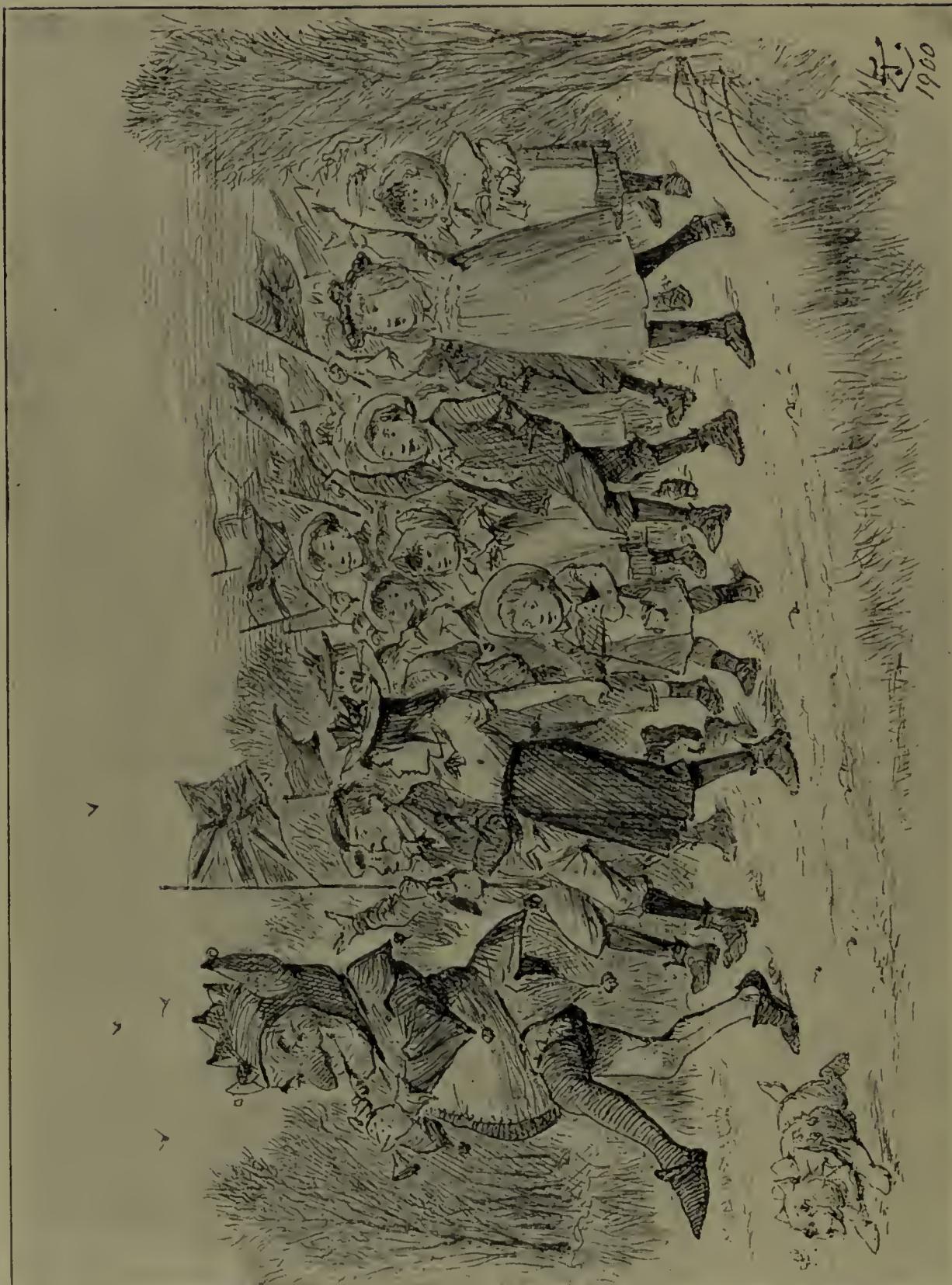


“In a Good Cause!”

’T IS an excellent motto! No matter how much or how little may be given, even the farthings are all golden ones coming as they do from donors of good will, whose sympathy with suffering is far in excess of their means for its alleviation.

But much has been done; a splendid result has been obtained; the ancient Hospital is saved. And, not only so, but its sinews of war being healthily developed and, as we hope, permanently strengthened, it will take its share in the daily conflicts essential to the Battle of Life, and will issue forth victoriously. Its allies are all “friendlies” of undoubted loyalty to the “Good Cause” they have so readily espoused. *Floreat!*

F. C. BURNAND.



The Pied Piper up-to-date.

The Genial Gentleman.

THE little fellow was quite pleased to see the Genial Gentleman.

The Genial Gentleman was scarcely taller than Bobby himself, but there was an air of dignity about him which deeply impressed the mind of the small boy.

“I know you quite well by sight, Sir,” said Bobby politely, “but I don’t remember your name. What shall I call you? Haven’t you had a lot of ups and downs, Sir?”

“Well, no, Bobby, not many,” returned the Genial Gentleman. “I may have been down a little when I came into the world in my present form, some sixty years ago, but since then I have been always going up. You know—up, up, up.”

“But I have seen you in so many different dresses, Sir,” persisted Bobby. “Sometimes you have been a general, sometimes an admiral. Sometimes you have been a bishop, and then all of a sudden you have become a railway porter. I can’t make it out. What were you doing in all those different dresses?”

“My duty, Bobby,” replied the Genial Gentleman, truthfully.

“But what am I to call you, Sir?”

“Well, Bobby, I think you may call me friend.”

“Ah! that’s a nice name, Sir. I have such a lot of friends here, Sir. And you are one of them, are you, Sir?”

“Well, yes, dear, I have tried to be,” said the Genial Gentleman, passing his fingers through the little boy’s hair caressingly. “You see, Bobby, I am very fond of children.”

“Have you had any of your own, Sir?”

The Genial Gentleman looked rather grave, if not confused.

“They *do* say, my boy, that I had a little child once, that came to be tossed out of the window, right down into the street.”

“Weren’t you very sorry, Sir, for the accident?”

“Very sorry indeed—afterwards. But that was long, long ago, when I was not so wise as I am now. So if you don’t mind we will

say no more about it. But ever since then I have delighted in boys and girls."

"And I am sure they must be very fond of you, Sir. For now I look at you more and more I begin to remember about you. While I have been getting better I have been looking at those beautiful brown and purple books of yours. They are yours, Sir, aren't they? Oh, they do amuse me so!" and the little fellow laughed with glee.

"I am very glad to hear it," said the Genial Gentleman. "When you grow older you will learn a deal more about Tenniel and Sam-bourne, Burnand and Anstey, Leech and Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold and Gilbert à Beckett, and in fact all the good Knights of the Oval Table past and present. They are my friends and they are yours. Have you ever heard of the Knights of the Oval Table?"

Bobby thought for a moment.

"I have read about the Knights of the Round Table, Sir. They were fine fellows, Sir, always doing such splendid things. Are your Knights as good as the old ones?"

"Well, my boy," returned the Genial Gentleman, "the Knights of the Oval Table believe they do as much good as the Knights of the Table Round. Of course, you know, in their own way."

"And what is their own way?"

"Why, *my* Knights use pens and pencils instead of swords and lances. But the Knights of the Old and the Knights of the New come of the same sturdy stock, and do their best for Britannia. You may take my word for it that this is so. When I speak everyone is bound to believe me. You see, my boy, I have this great advantage over every one else—I am always in the right."

Bobby was satisfied. Then the lad returned to a subject that had puzzled him.

"But I cannot remember your name—I mean your real name. How shall I find out?"

"Ask your good nurse who has been showing you the pretty pictures in the brown and purple volumes. She will tell you—when you wake."

“ When I wake ! Why, am I not awake ? ”

“ No, dear, and as too much dreaming is not good for you I must leave you.”

And with a kindly smile the Genial Gentleman vanished.

* * * * *

“ One of them has had a most refreshing sleep,” returned the nurse in reply to the doctor’s question.

“ Which of them ? ”

“ The little fellow over yonder. That tiny mite who has got so much better since he came to ‘ The *Punch Cot.* ’ ”

ARTHUR W. A BECKETT.

Quatrains à la “ Purse.”

COME ! Because Morton, ushering the array
Of Stars before you on this third of May,
Draws to the Palace multitudes to give
To *Mr. Punch* a record Matinée.

Then fill the bowl, and large donations spring,
Into the hat your pounds and shillings fling ;
The Bird of Oof must round the Stalls and Pit
Flutter in aid of children suffering.

Some for the Absent-minded beg, and some
For famine-stricken Indians suppliant come ;
Ah ! bring your Cash, and take the credit due
To those whose Charity begins at Home.

And when with Tambourine and tread of stealth,
Among the guests they pass to tax your wealth,
And in their errand reach you, freely give
Old *Punch* a Bumper “ to the Children’s Health ! ”

A. J. CAMPBELL.



Billy Bangs (his first day's shooting): "How's that, John?"
John: "Well, ye seem to 'ave it 'im, Sir!"



Ca. 1900.

"The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad

Advice to Persons about to become Members of Parliament.

DO—if you can find a seat. But be very careful in the selection.

One of the most prized constituencies is the Orkneys. True it involves at least a bi-annual visit, when you spend most of your time being ill in a whale boat. But your constituents aren't always turning up at the House bringing their wives and daughters and wanting tea on the Terrace.

For this reason Brixton, Battersea and the like are to be avoided.

Also make discreet inquiries in advance as to the position of football in the proposed constituency. If you find it the rage, say you'll call again. In Scotch constituencies Bazaars are good for at least £300 a year out of a Member's purse. That nothing to what Football Clubs foot up to in a moderate-sized county.

It's a curious fact, not previously mentioned I believe, that the Member for Sark selected his present constituency because its superficial area is too limited either for football or cricket. Consequently there are no clubs on the island.

Toby, M.P.



{ Little Englanders.

A Thousand Years Ago.

To F. H. L.

THE golden world of children ! How far away it seems,
That land of fairy melody, of laughter and of dreams,
Where all the chairs and tables were built extremely tall—
At least they looked gigantic when you and I were small !

And in the dear old garden the roses grew so high,
We only saw in glimpses the azure of the sky.
I know not how it comes, Fred, but nothing seems to grow
As high as in our childhood a thousand years ago.

And, oh, do you remember how oft we used to start
At keen delicious dangers that thrilled us to the heart ?
And what delightful terrors the waking vision gave
That made the hall a jungle, the cabinet a cave ?

Beneath the cushioned sofa a tiger had his lair ;
I still recall with shudders his fierce familiar glare.
The cupboard in the passage was meant for household stores ;
It simply teemed with lions who shook the roof with roars.

And when the nights came early with storms of wind and rain,
A pair of chubby noses were flattened on the pane :
We thought to catch a vision of fay or elf or gnome
Umbrella-less and draggled and hurrying for home.

We leapt at the suggestion that giants used to dwell
Within the shadowed corner where stood the dinner-bell ;
But ere we went a-hunting, to capture and to bind,
One question was propounded—“ But are the giants kind ? ”

But now the shadowed corners are corners—nothing more ;
The giants' towered gateway is but a common door ;
And those who tread the drawbridge, now dwindled to a mat,
Are merely men and women, and undersized at that.

And all the house is silent : no dreadful roars appal,
No jungle stays the huntsmen who used to roam the hall.
The fierce-eyed, deep-mouthing tiger, I sometimes seem to think,
Was only Dash, the spaniel, intent upon a drink.

And Dash himself has left us : where once he used to keep
A vigil for his master he sleeps an endless sleep.
No eager furry figure gives welcome as I pass
Where erst, his broad ears flapping, he tore across the grass.

So, Fred, I love to wander amid the magic haze
Half hiding, half revealing those far delightful days,
Before the fairies flitted, who held their court below
When you and I were children a thousand years ago.

R. C. LEHMANN.



Dr. Punch's Visit.

To Fathers and Mothers.

IS the child well, is the child strong,
That came with the beauty of May,
Her voice in the garden a song,
Her life all a midsummer day ?
Give thanks for this great benediction of health,
And help the “ Sick Children ” out of your wealth.

Is the child weak, or smitten with pain,
But lovingly nursed and tended ?
Think of yon dismal street and lane,
Where anguish and want are blended :
The contrast will plead, with resistless appeal,
For Children your bounty can comfort and heal.

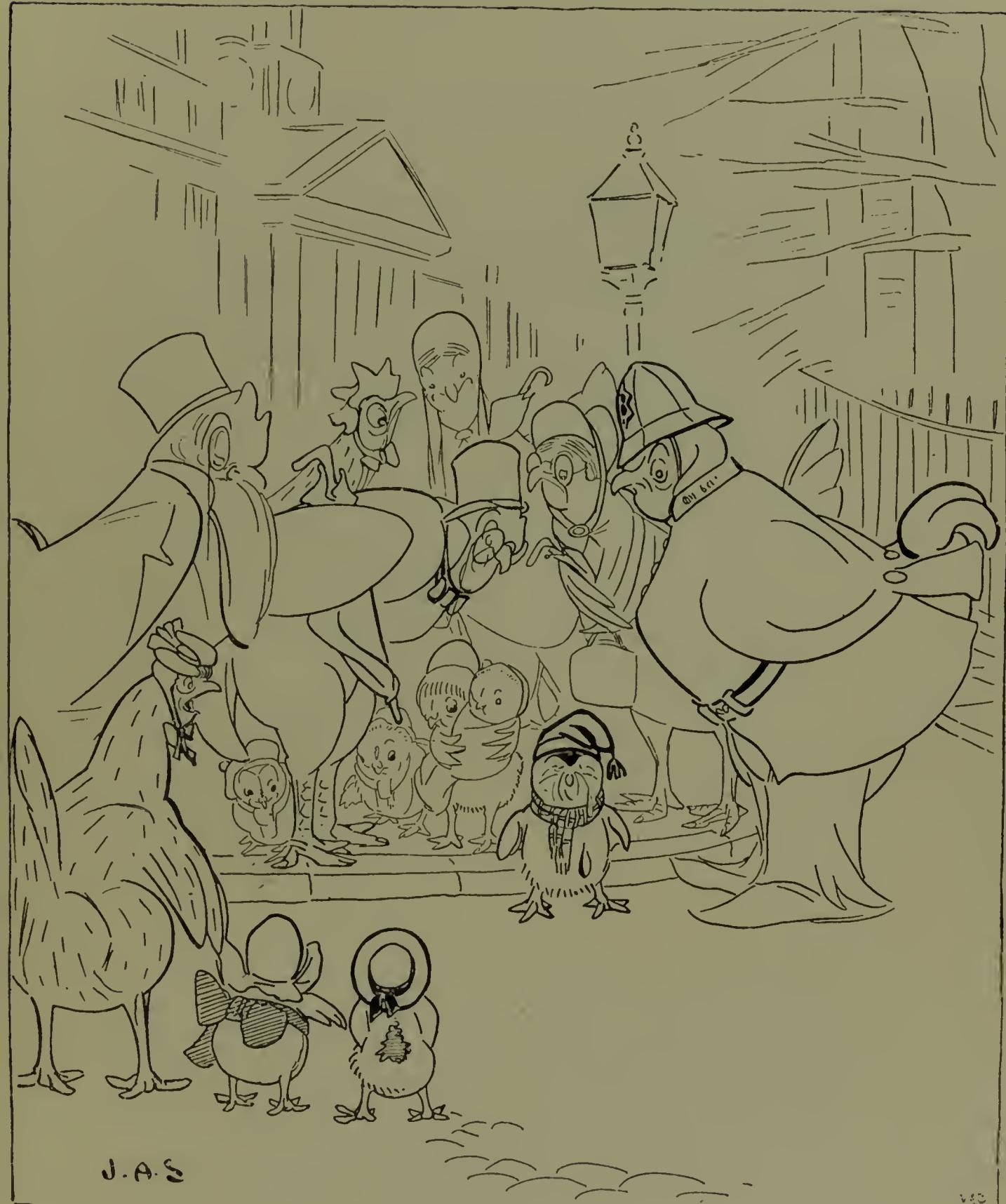
R. F. SKETCHLEY.



POLLY — "I've just asked your Uncle to give something for the Children's Hospital and he says he can't afford it."

SUSIE — Oh I know. There's a can't of can't and there's a can't of Won't!"





J.A.S

143

The Lost Chick.

A Sonnet to my Fountain-Pen.

IRIDIUM-TIPPED and exquisitely made !
How much more worthy art thou to belong
To some undoubted potentate of song
Than to a mere beginner at the trade !
Shakespeare, although his glory cannot fade,
Perhaps had written dramas doubly strong
To win the homage of the listening throng
Had he been able to secure thine aid !

More probably—from truth one must not shrink—
Shakespeare himself with such a pen would not
(So my experience causes me to think)
Find, at his labour's close, that he had got
More than a temper, hands imbrued with ink,
And on his page, three scratches and a blot.

ANTHONY C. DEANE.

In a Harbour.

IN every battery of the ship, the electric indicator immediately marked the cease fire, and the bugle blew its signal to the fighting-tops. It seemed to the crew on board that the cannonade ended with a quite impossible suddenness. A fraction of a minute since, it seemed, the air was alive with the scream of shells, and their appalling concussion, with the clatter and rattle of the Maxims and Nordenfelts, with the roar of the guns on the barbettes, while the hills about the harbour continually flung back the din to clash in mid-sky with a later explosion ; now the hollow of the heavens was empty of sound, and the abrupt silence stunned the sailors' ears and bewildered their minds more than all the noise of battle. They craned their heads at the portholes towards their opponent, a lurching staggering mass of twisted iron and fractured girders ; and they saw the flag flutter down in a curve, as the wind blew the flag-haiyards out, catching here and there in a tangle as though reluctant to leave the mast-head. Then the crew of the battleship understood.

Their cheers had hardly ceased when a despatch-boat steamed cautiously round the point of the harbour, and then, quickening its speed, came alongside. The Captain of the battleship interrupted his commands for the securing of his prize and leaned over the bridge.

“ What is it ? Fresh orders ? ”

“ No, Sir. A telegram for you.”

The telegram was handed up. The Captain read it, and chuckled, and put it in his pocket. He continued his instructions, but in a different tone, and with a new pride. He had fought his engagement, and witnessed his victory in a practical, business-like spirit, but he seemed now to become suddenly aware that he was a quite unusually big man. Having secured his prize, he descended to the deck, which was more of a shambles than a deck ; but he did not appear to notice the ruin of his ship. He went down into what remained of the ward-

room, where he found what remained of his officers, tired and powder-stained, and he ordered champagne.

"I have good news," said the Captain, and he laughed idiotically. "I thought you might like to hear it."

The Captain was popular with his officers, and the congratulations and questions were certainly sincere. It was promotion, of course. Was it a fleet? The Captain smiled scornfully. At the least it was a K.C. something. And then the ward-room steward popped a cork out of a champagne bottle.

Every one, except the big man, jumped as if he had been shot. These officers had endured the crash of shells and the spectacle of death and wounds, but it was not to be expected that any nerves could, so soon after the battle had finished, endure the unexpected pop of a champagne cork. The big man, however, was oblivious of such alarms.

"No," he said, drawing his telegram from his pocket; "it's not that sort of good news. But"—and he grew bashfully red—"some of you fellows were at my wedding before we left England, weren't you? Well, I have just had a telegram, and it tells me I have got a son."

The congratulations were renewed; the champagne was drunk; no one was conscious of any incongruity between this rejoicing over the birth of a child and the carnage of the last few hours; the boy was even christened with the outlandish name of the harbour in which the engagement was fought. And then the Captain exclaimed, "Wait a moment; that'll be all done by now."

The telegram had been passed from station to station; it was covered with the marks of stamping-machines. The big man for the first time looked at the date. "My word!" he exclaimed, "the little beggar's six weeks 'old!" and he sat plump down in a chair, overwhelmed by this fresh revelation. "Six weeks old! My word! he's already tottering about, and clinging to the chair-legs!"

The paymaster was a married man, and knew the Captain was premature; but he also knew better than to hint a doubt at this unseasonable time. So the Captain was left undisturbed for a moment to enjoy a mental picture of his home in the wooded Surrey village from which

the telegram had come. He was only left for a moment, however. For the steward appeared in the doorway, grinning apologetically.

“I beg your pardon, Sir,” said he, “but the men in the 'orspital—they 'ld like to know if it's true. They 'ld take it kindly as a favour, Sir.”

The Captain rose from his chair, a little abashed.

“To be sure,” said he. “I should have thought of them first.”

He went down the companion into the long low room of many cots beneath the waterline, and told the wounded of his good news. And here a man with a thick white bandage about his head hoisted himself upon an elbow, and then another with his arm in a sling above him, wrenched himself over to face the Captain, and from every man, whether he could move or lay stretched upon his back, so long as he could whisper, there broke a feeble cheer. When the cheer ended, a husky voice spoke painfully from a dark corner.

“Both doing well, I 'ope, Sir?”

“Very well,” replied the Captain, and the feeble cheer was feebly renewed.

There was no more philosophy in the hospital than in the ward-room. There was no perception of any irony in the fact that these sailormen who had been busily engaged in receiving and inflicting death were now heartily rejoicing because a single man-child was born into the world. Only one sub-lieutenant, who was very near to his end, and therefore also to his schoolboy days, caught at a scrap of recollected Latin, and, gathering his breath, said : “Morituri, Captain. There's one, at all events, to fill my place on the seas.”

The Captain walked over to the sub-lieutenant's cot. “That's a promise, Trevelyan,” he said simply. “That's a promise.”

A. E. W. MASON.



The new Tenant for the Doll's House.



The Curate: "I must confess to a great deal of egotism. I think about myself too much."

Miss Sharp: "Oh, that isn't egotism. That is merely the human tendency to worry over trifles."



LEWIS
BAVMER
— 1920 —

A Bachelor Uncle's Diary.

ALWAYS willing to help in good work, but really wish nephews would consult me before offering me up as sacrifice. Here is Max's letter.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY,

All the fellers here at school are doing sumthing for the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond St. Well we had a meating yestiddy & Robinson major whoose an ass reelly but not a bad feller wen you dont know him, sed he'd head the list of subscriptions with his father whoose a ritch chap so he was stuck down for ten pounds. Smith minor was just follering this up by offering his aunt when Smith major came in & sed you shut up—I offer my aunt & youle get your hed joly well smakd if youre so cheeky. Then Brown major sed his Granmother always sed 'Never hesitate to do a good deed' well it would be a good deed to get another subscriber so he didnt hesitate to shove the old woman down (applaws). Fatty Ratcliffe came next. Fatty's got a lot of money of his own only his beastly Trussed-Tea wont give him mutch of it at once—he sed he hadent got any reller-tives to give away like we had, but he thought a feller's Trussed-Tea ought to do insted so we stuck him on the list for a fiver & if he wont stump up, weel make Fatty. Well Uncle I didnt like to be backward in genrossity, so I offered you, & they sed oh that'll do fine by gum becos hes a master of staghounds & can well afford a tenner so Ime afraid youle have to shell out.

Then old Stoggins thots our Head Master came in & things became gluemy. He sed each boy should make a small sacrifice & will be none the worse for doing so. I thought Ide done enough wen I sacrificed an uncle: still I wanted to be thoroughly libbral so we finelly settled that

- (i) Weed give up oranges (theyre nearly over now, so, as Stoggins sed, weel be reelly none the worse for it)

(2) We woodent pay our subscriptions to the cricket club (till they made us) so we could send the money—or sum of it—to the Fund.

I'me sure Uncle Charley youle aprove of what weeve done. I've saved you all trouble in the matter by putting your name on the list. All youve got to do is to send the tin, see?

Your affeckshunt nephew
MAX.

P.S. Libbrality to Hospitals makes a feller rather short himself, dont it?

Fox RUSSELL.



R. J. RICHARDSON.

Going to the Meet.

F

Nunc est donandum.

WHERE there is much to do,
And not many hands to do it,
He, she, and I and you,
May possibly some day rue it,
Unless we do all we can
To soften the pain and sorrow,
Part of life's mighty plan.

Want is on every side,
And only if all together
Stem the oncoming tide
Shall we manage the storm to weather.
Spare to us what you can
Now—don't wait for to-morrow,
To-day is the better plan.

G. C. POLLOCK.

“Sound the Assembly!”

I.

SOUND the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
For England has need of her bravest to-day.
Sound! and the World Universal will know
We shall fight to a finish, in front or at bay.
Sound the Assembly! They'll hear it, and spring
To the saddle, and gallop wherever they're led.
Sound! Every city and village will ring
With the shout “To the front!” It shall never be said

That an Englishman's heart ever failed in its glow
For Queen, or for country, when threatened by foe,
For Liberty, stabbed by oppression and woe.
So, sound the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
Sound the Assembly!

II.

Sound the Assembly! You'll see, as of yore,
The Service united in heart and in head,
When Blue-jackets leap from their ships to the shore
To bring up the guns for their comrades in red!
Sound the Assembly! Our Naval Brigade
Will prove they are sailors and soldiers as well;
They will pull, they will haul, they will march, they will wade,
And dash into furnaces hotter than Hell!

A long pull, a strong pull, a cheery “Yo! ho!”
Do you see that big mountain? 'Tis Jack who will know
To be first at the top, when, by gad, he will crow!
So, sound the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
Sound the Assembly!

III.

Sound the Assembly ! Brave Union Jack !
You have floated triumphant on sea and on shore ;
Old England and Scotland are still back to back,
And Ireland, God bless her ! is with us once more.
Sound the Assembly ! Come ! Forward ! Quick march !
What ! Feather-bed soldiers ? Bah ! give them the lie.
Divested by war of Society starch
They will shout “ ’Tis a glorious death to die ! ”

What land in the world could produce such a show
Of heroes, who face both siroccos and snow,
Rush madly to danger, and never lie low ?
So, sound the Assembly ! Blow, Buglemen, blow !
Sound the Assembly !

IV.

Sound the Assembly ! Form, citizens, form !
From smoke of the city, from country so green,
A horde of irregulars sweeps like a storm
To defend with their lives their dear country and Queen !
Sound the Assembly ! Come ! Volunteers, come !
Leave oldsters at grinding and tilling the sod !
Bold Yeomen, enrolled for defence of their home,
Enlist with a cheer for the Empire, thank God !

To the front ! to the front ! with their faces aglow,
They will march, the dear lads, with a pulse and a go ;
Wave flags o'er the Workman, the Johnnie, the Beau.
So, sound the Assembly ! Blow, Buglemen, blow !
Sound the Assembly !

CLEMENT SCOTT.



"Sound the Assembly! Brave Union Jack!"



The Front Row of the Stalls!
Prehistoric Palace Theatre:

The Röntgen Spectacles.*

“YOU will please to remember,” said the Wizard, as he handed the case of spectacles to Wilfred Roller, “that I by no means recommend you to make use of these sight-helpers. I foresee that they will cause you many heartaches, much suffering, and will probably destroy your belief in the kinder nature of mankind. Had you not better let me retain them?”

“Certainly not,” laughed Roller. “A bargain is a bargain. I did you a service, and I take you at your word and claim my reward.”

“You are quite justified in doing so,” returned the Wizard; “but I only wish that you had asked for something else. You saved my life, and I would save your happiness.”

“Happiness!” scornfully echoed Roller. “What have I to do with happiness? I’ve knocked about the globe all my life, and it is just because you assure me that these spectacles will convince me that others are just as discontented as I am with the world, the flesh and the devil, that I desire to test the efficacy of your magic searchlights. Hang it all, man, it isn’t everyone who has the good fortune to prevent a real live necromancer from crossing the Styx before Pluto is ready to receive him. Be grateful, my friend, be grateful. You made me an offer when you were kicking and spluttering in the river, and I hold you to it.”

“Be it so,” said the Wizard, with a shade of sadness in his voice, as he relinquished his hold on the case, which Roller immediately put with a satisfied smile into his breast-pocket.

“I suppose,” cried the younger man, “that there is no danger of these precious glasses ever coming to grief?”

“I am afraid not,” replied the Wizard; “but I must tell you that if ever you should meet—as is most unlikely—a perfectly pure heart, the crystals, or, as you call them, glasses, will be shattered into a thousand fragments, and you——” He hesitated.

* The dramatic rights of this story are reserved by the Author.

“Well,” interrupted Roller, with a cynical laugh, “and what will become of me? Shall I be shattered into a thousand fragments?”

“No,” returned the Wizard; “but you will never need spectacles again.”

“Amen!” chanted Roller in Gregorian fashion. “And now good-bye. I am burning to try your invention.”

“Be careful! Be careful!” said the Wizard; but Roller had already rushed from the door. “Poor fellow!” murmured the Wizard, as he poured himself out a glass of *crème de Menthe* and lighted a cigarette. “I almost wish he had left me to my fate.”

The above scene occurred on a certain day in June in a private sitting-room of the “Star and Garter” Hotel, Richmond, and the prologue of it had been the fact that Wilfred Roller had on that very afternoon rescued the Wizard from certain death above Teddington Weir, for the necromancer, like most of his craft, had never learnt the gentle art of swimming. He had been fishing in a punt, when the swell of a steam-launch belonging to the Thames Conservancy had loosened the ryepeck, and the force of the stream having upset his craft against a pile, was fast hurrying him to destruction when Roller had appeared at the end of the islet lying between the cut and the tumbling bay. The Wizard shrieked in his agony, “Help! help! young man, and I will give you any reward which you may claim from me. Help! Help!” Wilfred at once plunged into the water, and, having when a boy “passed” in his clothes at Eton, soon brought the exhausted Professor of the Black Art to the bank. Then, having restored animation to the Wizard by means of some indifferent brandy obtained at the lock-house, he had sculled the rescued man to Richmond, where he stated he was sojourning at the “Star and Garter.” It is but fair to state that Roller would, under any circumstances, have risked his own life to save that of another; but directly he understood that he had restored existence to a Wizard he resolved to insist upon the guerdon, which was to reward his gallantry. The necromancer, who was skilful with fence and parry, offered his rescuer all manner of gifts—love philtres, a piece of the true Philosopher’s Stone, an Income-taxometer, a

magic County Council mirror, certain tips for the Goodwood Cup, the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire, and the Manchester Handicap, and the undoubted programme of the next Liberal Government ; but Roller would have none of these valuable wares, and finally extorted from the Wizard the statement that he possessed a pair of Röntgen spectacles, his own invention, whereby the secrets of every human heart could be as plainly deciphered as the name of a railway station on the Underground Railway. The Wizard was loath to part with his optical treasure, but he was a gentleman, and having given his word he had no choice, as we have seen, but to yield to the importunity of his humane associate.

Wilfred Roller was a very well-to-do man of about thirty. As he told the Wizard, he had knocked about the world all his life, and he was now tolerably *blasé*. The excitement suggested by the Röntgen spectacles gave a strong fillip to his indifferent view of livelihood. It was likely to afford a sort of mental pick-me-up, which he proposed to quaff to the dregs. A momentary qualm seized him as he descended the stairs that the Wizard might have (Wilfred unconsciously thought vulgarly) "spoofed" him. He resolved, therefore, to test the strength of the spectacles before he left the hotel, so he passed into the coffee-room and called for his bill, for he had slept at the "Star and Garter" on the previous night. The waiter brought the account, and returned with it receipted, and, apparently, the change for a five-pound note lay on the paper. Roller immediately put on his searchers and directed them at the not over-white shirt-front of the Knight of the Napkin. To his intense delight he immediately perceived that the waiter was debating in his heart whether the guest would perceive that a portion of the change lurked under the bill instead of boldly appearing on the top of it. Roller deftly jerked up the ambuscading paper, secured the coins, and, handing the waiter a shilling with the caustic remark, "You appear to be a bit of a conjurer," strolled down to the station, where his bag awaited him in the cloak-room. To his credit be it said that he only used the power of the spectacles once as he descended the hill, and that was when he met an exceedingly winsome maiden laughing

and joking with a cavalier in flannels. By means of his penetrators, Roller extracted the fact that though the lady was smiling with her lips she was inwardly exclaiming, “I wish this idiot would let me go home, because my shoes are a size too small for me, and I am in shocking pain.” Murmuring to himself “A case for corn plasters!” Wilfred continued his progress towards the railway, and, putting the spectacles in his pocket, resolved not to test their merits any further till he joined the family dinner at the house of Major-General Sir Nicholas Prætor, the father of his *fiancée*, Rosalind-Jane, to whom he had been engaged for six months and five days.

Wilfred was sorely tempted to diagnose the characters of his future father-in-law and his sweetheart on arrival in Ebury Street, where the General rented a comfortable but unpretentious furnished house, but he refrained, remembering that the better qualities of the human race are more frequently developed after, than before, partaking of food. He was greeted with modulated affection by Rosalind-Jane, a well-figured, auburn-haired girl, with eyes to match, and a strawberry-cream complexion, and with effusive hospitality by the old warrior, who was an inharmonious combination of violet-carmine and *grès de Flandre*, the former tint in his countenance and the other in his moustache and whiskers. There were two other guests—a fat and aureous Mrs. MacCheese, who was Sir Nicholas’s first cousin, and a slim, dark, close-shorn man of uncertain age, who looked like an Anglican divine. He was in reality, by profession, an Aristocratic Tout. In the Peerage he was recorded as the Hon. Peter Fluff, fourth son of the Earl of Woolsrap, but he answered, when called, to the name of “Coco.” The dinner was, on the whole, gay—that is to say, as far as the conversation went, for the viands were redolent of the cook-shop, and the wines were by no means to be compared to Cæsar’s wife. Nevertheless, quips and cranks flew about like crackers and squibs on the Festival of Guido Fawkes, Rosalind-Jane’s high-pitched laughter collaborated with her sire’s robust guffaw, and the contralto merriment of Mrs. MacCheese was no bad accompaniment to “Coco’s” tenor cackle. It was when coffee, cigarettes, and half-a-pint of public-house

brandy, decanted into an amber-and-gold liqueur flagon, were being circulated in the little drawing-room that Wilfred, unable to resist the impulse any longer, placed the Röntgen spectacles on the bridge of his Wellingtonian nose.

“Good heavens! Will,” cried Rosalind-Jane, with a top note-canary scream, “are your eyes affected?”

“Yes,” replied her betrothed; “I’m trying to get long-sighted.” And he glanced at the left side of her delightful figure. There he read, “If this uncouth wretch hadn’t got money I would never marry him. However, I’ll wait till I’m Mrs. Roller, and then lick him into shape.”

“Can you see me distinctly?” asked Rosalind-Jane with another giggle.

“Only too plainly,” replied Wilfred, suppressing a strong desire to point out that his faithless lady love’s freckles were but feebly whitewashed with strong *blanc de perle*. “Now, General, let me look at you.”

“By all means, my dear boy,” cried the gallant soldier; “I’m not handsome, but penny plain is sometimes better than twopence coloured.” Wilfred was astonished to find that Sir Nicholas’s heart was of extraordinary proportions, and for size would certainly have taken first prize at a cardiac exhibition. It was bloated with but one idea, “How much can I screw out of this chuckle-headed loon when the marriage settlements come to be signed? At least five thousand pounds, or I must be a congenital idiot.” The Oculist, with a hard smile, passed on to Mrs. MacCheese. That good dame’s concise reflection was, “I wonder what this young fellow would say if he knew that I was not Nick Prætor’s cousin at all but Rosalind-Jane’s mother?”

Lastly, Wilfred examined “Coco’s” absorbent idea, which ran: “When that nincompoop is spliced to Rosalind-Jane there ought to be some splendid pickings for me. He’ll be a perfect Klondyke.”

“Well, Will,” exclaimed the damsel, “how do the glasses suit you? Can you see through them?”

“Right famously,” replied Roller, rising, “and through *you*. Good



SOUVENIR de CHODOWIECKI

Bernard. Partridge f.

night!" Before the astonished company would venture to protest he had left the room and the house.

"He's drunk," observed the General, when he recovered speech.

"Mad!" stammered Mrs. MacCheese, who felt ready to burst her bodily armour.

"Needled!" murmured the Aristocratic Tout, wondering what had upset *his* share in the human Klondyke.

"He's a wretch!" sobbed Rosalind-Jane; "I'll make him pay for it."

"We all will," cried the General, and though it has nothing to do with this story they did, sooner or later, by the agency of Messrs. Smoothbore & Maxim, who advised their esteemed client, Mr. Roller, that it would be better to settle an action for breach of promise outside, rather than inside, a Court of Justice.

For weeks the infatuated Wilfrid continued to exercise the magic power of the Röntgen Spectacles with the most distressing effect on his peace of mind. The warning of the Wizard was constantly justified, and a score of times he threw the causes of his baneful existence on the floor, on the pavement, out of the window, and into the river; and again he would leave them in cabs, railway carriages, under traction engines, and on tops of omnibuses, but he could never get rid of the Old Men of the Sea, as in weakly facetiousness he styled his tormentors. In the first place they were indestructible, and in the second, no matter where he abandoned the fatal glasses, they were always returned to him by all sorts of finders, ranging from belated Royal footmen down to early chimney sweeps.

Among other discoveries which he made by their means, he found out:—

(1). That his old schoolfellow and bosom friend, Harry Topknot, who had proposed him for the Exclusive Club, had also blackballed him on the day of election.

(2). That Messrs. Smoothbore & Maxim had robbed him of £545 19s. 4d. per annum over and above the fees due to them for the collection of his rents.

(3). That the next heir to the Roller Estate, his cousin, Moss Roller-Stone, to whom he made an allowance of £500 a year, had thrice forged his signature, and fourteen times used his name for credit at watering-place hotels.

(4). That the Unionist Member of Parliament for his division of the county, whom he had supported with all the weight of his influence and purse, was perfectly prepared to vote for Home Rule in exchange for a high appointment in a Crown Colony, where he would have autocratic sway.

(5). That the Universal Dividend Company, the Shackaback Opal Industry, and the Kamtschatka Steamship Supply Association, of all of which undertakings he was a director, were absolutely bankrupt.

(6). That Shakespeare Smith's analytical dramas were really written by his practical "ghost," Bacon Robinson.

(7). That Commerce and Trade were united in wedlock by a thousand unbreakable "rings."

(8). That the shapely limbs of Miss Acantha Naxos, the talented burlesque actress (to whom he inclined) were as extensively padded as the pages of a modern novel.

(9). That the great philanthropist, Sir Makesure Add, possessed no heart at all, but a small conglomeration of bony substance the size of a parched pea, labelled "Expansive bullet."

(10). That some of the most favourite brands of champagne hailed from the vineyards of Bouzy-Shoreditch; and that some noted foreign mineral-water springs bubbled in England.

(11). That *grandes dames* often have small beginnings hidden in the backwoods of Time.

(12). That many eminent artists in oils photograph their subjects on to the canvas, and that lithaquarelles are by no means rare.

(13). That the only fifty melodies in the world are by skilful composers transformed into twenty-five thousand million tunes.

There were many other instances of the depravity of the times. The bloom had departed from the peach, the fragrance had left the rose. Wilfred Roller, in despair, resolved upon the last resource of

the weary, the committal of suicide. After considerable debate he determined that drowning would be the easiest method of passing from this world to realms unknown, and with this idea firmly fixed in his breast the unhappy saviour of the Wizard's life halted one night between the hour of twelve and half-past on Waterloo Bridge, that recognised point of departure for many a worn-out body still owning a soul. It was a fog-riden atmosphere, eked out with electric lights, which confronted him, and as Wilfred prepared for the fatal plunge by throwing off his ten-guinea ulster overcoat, he could not help comparing his present miserable condition with that exuberance of animal life with which he had dived at Teddington to save the Wizard from destruction. Standing upon the stone seat he contemplated the murky, flickered flood hurrying down to the sea, laden with the iniquities of half a hundred recognised communities of civilization. He was about to take his header when a hand was placed upon his shoulder. Wilfred turned round with a shudder, for he expected to be confronted with a policeman, and he would have committed suicide there and then rather than have been conveyed to the lock-up at Bow Street. He was agreeably disappointed. The person who had touched his shoulder was a little girl, pale, large-eyed, silver-haired in the faint light, and a cripple, for a crutch was under her left arm.

"Are you trying to go to Heaven?" she asked, simply. "If so, I want to go too."

Wilfred stared at her, utterly unable to answer her question, so strangely put under such mournful and tragic circumstances. The little girl still clasped his shoulder, and her look was wistful as ever. Suddenly a thought struck him. He drew the hateful spectacles from his pocket, and turned his steadfast gaze on the child. He saw nothing, the crystals crumbled into dust, the frames disappeared in the darkness. The Wizard's words had come true! He had found the pure in heart. And so, trembling in body, but regenerated in aspiration, hand in hand with the little crippled maid, Wilfred Roller became again of the earth, willing to wait for the coming of Paradise.

HENRY BEAUCHAMP.

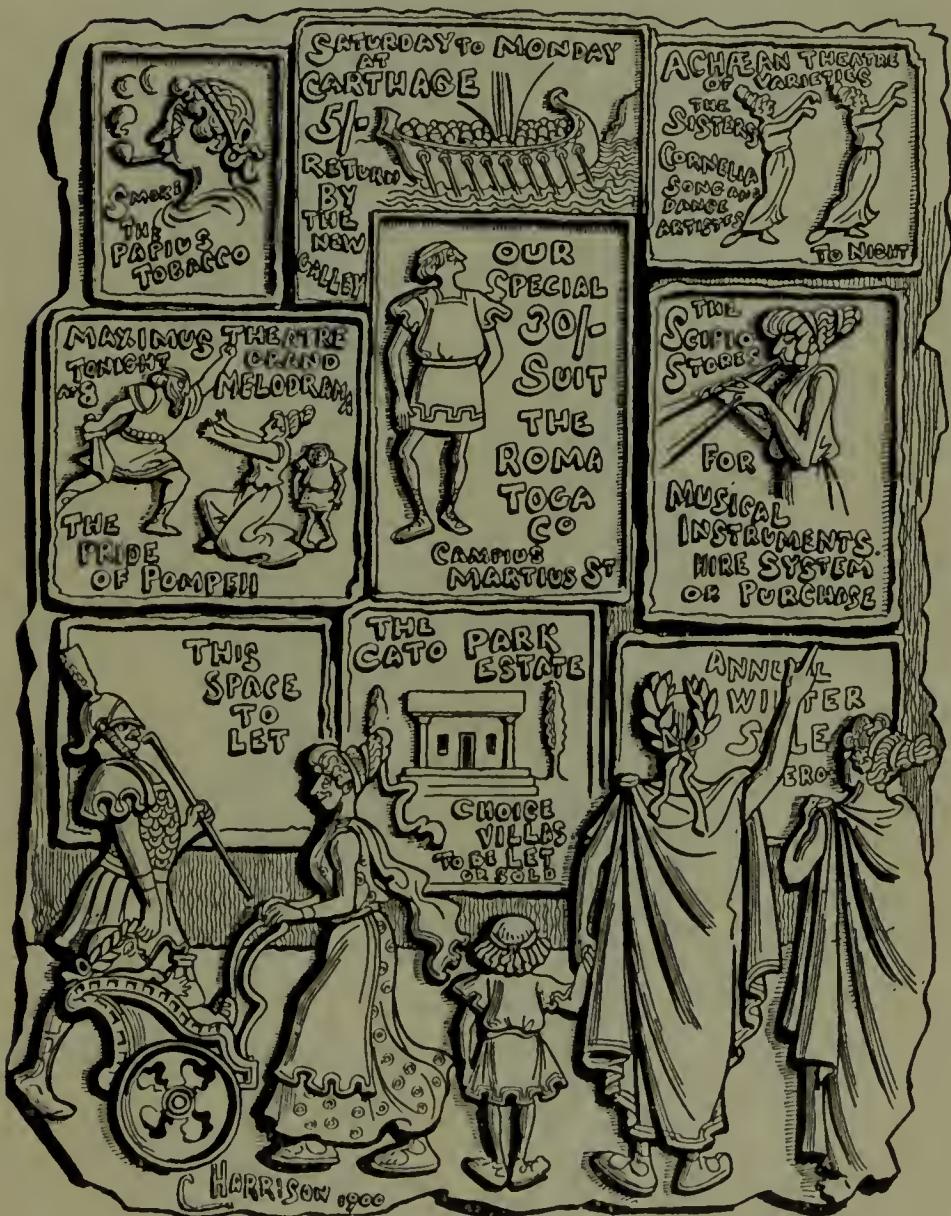
Tom BROWNE



"I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD MEAL
IF YOU WILL CUT UP SOME WOOD
FOR ME!"

"SORRY, BUT I CAWNT DO IT MUM!"
"TOO LAZY TO WORK, I SUPPOSE!"

"HITS NOT THAT, MUM, YER SEE, I'M A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BRITISH FORESTS
& WE NEVER CUT, ANY WOOD!"



A Hoarding in Ancient Rome.

Winnie.

A Riverside Sketch.

SWEET winsome Winnie—here you see,
Her dimpled cheeks are full of glee,
By tears unfretted ;
Her tawny hair and big grey eyes
Will ne'er, I venture to surmise,
Remain unpetted :
A dancing maid—who comes and goes—
Whose pearly petticoats disclose
The silken sheen of sable hose
And shoes rosetted !

A bonny, blithesome, laughing lass,
Who gaily frisks across the grass—
Short-frocked and frillful ;
A tiny bit of womankind—
And, like a woman, you will find
She's sometimes wilful !
But knows, full well, what she's about—
In conquering by smile or pout,
Or witching wile, she is no doubt
Supremely skilful !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.



Fair Lucy's face I like to see,
And Bab's blue eyes I can't forget,
But best of all I love Marie—
My winsome, winning 'chère blonde.'

To Mr. Punch.

WHEN first you made your bow, good *Punch*, we saw you,
self-confessed,
A rollicking buffoon to whom the world was but a jest ;
And we knew you for a puppet with a head and heart of
wood,
Who had idly flung his babe from out the window where
he stood.

Irresponsible infanticide ! Tormented by remorse
Your wooden heart was changed to gold, to charity your
course.
Like the “ man all made of money ”—whose flesh to notes
was turned—
You’ve coined that golden heart, to prove your lesson has
been learned.

Then you ceased to be a puppet and became the Friend of
Man,
And your virtues, like your writings, could be read by all
who ran ;
And you claimed to be a Gentleman. At first the nation
smiled,
But learned betimes to hail you as the Friend of every
Child.

Ah, *Punch* ! how you have loved them ! With a love that
never dies,
For “ babes are earthly angels, that keep us from the
skies.”

Thus honest Douglas Jerrold ; and, behold, his gentle heart

Was first among them all to make you act the father's part.

Since then the little children have received your special care

(For you've lavished upon *them* what you denied your son and heir).

You have plied your pen and pencil to support the children's cause,

For the good of little people and the mending of the Laws.

For those who would ill-use them you demanded gaol or fine—

You proclaimed against child-labour in the factory and mine—

You have helped the cause of holidays in country fair and green—

And of training Gordon soldiers for the honour of the Queen.

In all of these endeavours you have struggled not alone,
For the hearts of your lieutenants were as tender as your own.

To celebrate those writers and to mention those who drew,

Is to name so many champions of the helpless little crew.

In Leech's jolly youngsters, be they "terrible" or gay,
The coster-child of Raven Hill, the gutter-snipe of May,

In the infantile divinities du Maurier would draw

(In whose cleverness and beauty you may scarcely find a flaw),

In Tenniel's little Alice, in the peasant-boy of Keene,
In half-a-hundred children-types a kindred love is seen ;
And Thackeray and Uncle Mark and Brooks once more
have proved
How deep by childhood's suffering the satirist is moved.

Not love alone but pity is revealed by all of these
For the little ones who suffer as for little ones at ease.
And thus the *Punch* Tradition has been passed from hand
to hand,
From good John Leech to Tenniel, and from Lemon to
Burnand.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL



"His last Appearance" by F. Anstey.

G.P. Jacomb-Hood.

“Uncle.”

THREE are pawnshops and pawnshops. Some stand out boldly in the open, like the Bank of England—a Grecian Temple of Mammon, built low, not from modesty or a naturally retiring disposition, but to avoid as much as possible being shelled by an invading army when London is besieged. Others slink up back alleys or obscure streets, using prominent frontages, if they have any, for sales, and conducting their loan operations in dingy caverns at the side, closed in by creaking doors with springs.

I am one of those happy men with “hobbies,” called “collectors.” My hobby is not to collect rates and taxes, but moonstones. It might have been prints, it might have been china, but it happened to be moonstones. My “hobby” took me often to one particular street in a decaying part of Central London that contained a pawnbroker’s, kept by a regular licensed “Uncle,” who had more sympathy with the shop side of art than with the huckstering of the three balls. I cultivated his acquaintance, and gradually got accustomed to use his place as a daily lounge. We compared notes on old silver, quaint jewellery, speculative paintings, mysterious gems, and other “curiosities,” and more than once I was able to guide my friend in acquiring a good bargain, or in avoiding a bad one.

His customers were not numerous. Hours would pass by without a “nibble,” but “Uncle” was satisfied. He was always ready to buy, but never seemed eager to sell. He was more of a collector than a tradesman. His parlour at the back was dusted about once a month by a visiting charwoman, under his strict and careful supervision.

He had one customer who came regularly twice a week, every Thursday and Saturday morning at midday to the minute. This was an old man of uncertain age, who might have been a schoolmaster, a parson, a banker, or a private gentleman of the old school. He was dressed in well-brushed but a little rusty black, a large dress-coat with a heavy collar and pockets on the hips, black gaiters, and a limp

full white cravat. His manner was quiet and reserved, and his look was sad and gentle. He placed a bright green crocodile-skin spectacle case, heavily mounted in old red gold, on the counter, said “Good morning” to my friend, who handed him something in a paper, and as he went out, after saying “Good morning” again, checked his walk for a moment before a rosewood cabinet containing several miniature portraits of beautiful women, probably by Cosway, and then left the shop with an effort. I felt a delicacy about asking any questions until my friend volunteered to speak. The case contained a very valuable pair of spectacles, also mounted in old red gold, and the glasses were pebbles of the rarest description. I learnt also that the most beautiful miniature in the cabinet—a portrait of a young lady—belonged to the strange customer who left his case of spectacles every Thursday morning and redeemed them every Saturday morning, and had done this for several years. The miniature had become forfeit, under what the lawyers call effluxion of time, but my friend the trader, moved by sentiment, had not exercised his right of sale, and probably never meant to do so. Attached to the miniature was a large oval mourning ring, the centre containing the initial A in gold, imbedded in a lock of auburn hair.

I took a rather impertinent but natural interest in my friend’s methodical customer, but my friend could give me no information. He knew nothing—neither his customer’s name nor his home, if he had one. Chance, at last, did more for me than observation and inquiry. I was in the reading-room of the British Museum one morning, when looking at a desk piled up with books printed in the Arabic character, I saw the strange customer half buried in these books, peering keenly at them through his pebble spectacles. I traced his name and address in the Museum office. His name was Angel, Muscovy Buildings, Tower Hill, and from further inquiry I learnt that he was an old Turkey merchant who was ruined in one of the great financial crises. He was eligible for one of the gentlemanly almshouses at Morden College on Blackheath, but so was a half-brother, who was then in residence, and with whom he had been at enmity (not without cause) for many years. An almshouse—especially at Morden College—

is the last place in the world to live in face to face with a family feud, so poor old Angel gave up the comfort of a rich and well-ordered charity, and called every Saturday for a weekly pittance allowed him by those who had founded a business on the ruins of the old Turkey house which had once owned him as a master. One by one his relatives had died, his only daughter (the lady of the miniature) being the last, leaving a helpless little girl stricken with a hopeless spinal complaint. A friend of the grandfather's, who had known him in better days, got the helpless little one into the Child's Hospital, where, taking her grandfather's respected name, she was known as "Angel by name and angel by nature." Every Thursday (I presume this was visiting day) the dear old grandfather made his welcome appearance, loaded with fruit and flowers, *without his spectacles*. Once the child asked after these spectacles. She never asked again. Children have the gift of instinct.

So far I had traced the strange customer's slight story. He continued his Thursday and Saturday visits. His spectacle-case was accepted as a matter of course, and never opened. A year or more passed, as years do. A Saturday came at last without the strange customer. Another Saturday came, and yet another. A year passed, and then my friend, the art tradesman, took out his deposit. There was the spectacle case—*empty*! Enquiry at the Child's Hospital produced the expected answer: "Dead." Enquiry at the old Turkey-merchant's camphorated office produced, "Probably dead." "Uncle" could never be got to say a word. He never, I am sure, nourished an unkind thought of the strange customer, and he never sold the miniature. A pawnbroker may be a gentleman.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.



“Every Little Helps.”

A May Maxim.

By a Wise Wife.

“**C**HANGE not your clout,”
The wise man said,
“ Till May is out,”
 And Spring nigh dead ;
The sun’s bright rays,
 Tho’ fierce and keen,
On many days
 Are never seen.

The day starts fair,
 But you, I note,
Decline to wear
 Your overcoat ;
You leave for town,
 My fears pooh, pooh !
The rain comes down
 And soaks you thro’.

If my advice
 You treat with scorn, . . .
You’ll pay the price
 Before the morn ;
For cough and cold
 Without a doubt
Will you infold :
 “ Change not your clout ! ”

G. D. LYNCH.

The Moods of Men.

COME, close your Sidgwick, cousin Jen,
And let your Sarjent be, dear ;
You're studying the use of $\mu\acute{e}v$?
 Come, study me, dear.
I'll teach their moods—what, you confess
 You never knew before, dear,
These particles had moods ? Why, yes,
 I have a score, dear.

My first's indicative. A fact
 I state in manner clearest
Without conditions, plain, exact—
 I love you, dearest !
My next's optative. Oh, that we
 Were linked in love for life, dear !
Then I'm imperative, *e.g.*,
 Be thou my wife, dear !

Now I'm conjunctive. That is why
 This arm of mine is placed, dear,
Upon your chair, and stealing nigh
 Your little waist, dear.
Nay, frown not, cousin, but forgive
 The trespasser. It acted
On laws by which this relative
 Is so attracted.

My last's infinitive. To love !
Ah, Jenny, my emotion
Is boundless as the sky above,
Deep as the ocean.
An endless dream I'd dream with thee,
From which I'd waken never ;
Our love in tense should present be,
Though perfect ever.

G. K. MENZIES.



“Where Innocence is Bliss.”

Nancy: “Is that your skipping-rope?”

Skipper: “Why do you ask, Missy?”

Nancy: “Because father said you were an old skipper.”

A Real Bargain.

HOW doth the “ spacious *Times* ” provide
For hungry birds attractive worms !
The poor man is no more denied
Important works on easy terms.

To still a better bargain here
Your kind attention *Punch* invites ;
He bids you buy this Souvenir,
Since every mite will help the mites !

Then, as you turn from page to page,
You shall complacently withal
Receive the BONUS which the Sage
Offers to buyers, one and all—

To all, from Dukes to youths who wear
The fearsome red-and-khaki necktie—
The joy of feeling you’ve a share
Of that fine thing, *mens conscientia recti* !

J. S. RISLEY.

Do's and Don'ts.

NO word is so often in the mouths of Grown-ups as "Don't!"

One of the children in Mrs. Nesbit's book, "The Treasure Seekers," says so, and what these children do not know about Grown-ups is not knowledge. In a volume devoted to the interests of little boys and girls, it may seem cruel to add to the already long list of "Don'ts," a list so much longer than the Ten Commandments. I would therefore conciliate opinion by beginning with a few "Do's."

1. *Do* teach your grandmother to suck eggs.

It is almost as certain as any historical statement can be, that your grandmother never sucked an egg in her life. I, my dear young friends, might be your grandfather (as far as extreme Grown-upness goes), and I never sucked an egg, and do not know how it is done. I never even blew a small bird's egg for a collection, because I saw another boy try, and the egg (which was very far from fresh) exploded in his mouth, and he did not seem to like it. No doubt your dear grandmother is as artless, and to teach her to suck eggs will be to give her a new and (for all that I know) a gratifying experience.

2. *Do* get over-heated.

Doctors will tell you to do so, though nurses say "Don't." Getting over-heated is *essential to health*. Turkish baths were invented merely to make people over-heated. To be sure, you must have a rub down and change your clothes afterwards, which will be a bore for your nurse. And that is why nurses say "Don't."

3. *Do* leave the door open.

To get up and shut the door every time you leave it open provides wholesome exercise for grown-up people.

4. *Do* take the best arm-chair in the room.

I observe that children always do this; so do dogs and cats, who live in a state of nature. Nature is a blessed thing: people say, "Be

natural." Not to take the best arm-chair would be mere affectation on your part, and nobody loves an affected child.

5. *Do*, when walking with Grown-ups, keep running back and forward in front of them. I notice that children always do this, even without being asked, which proves that they are obeying a natural law, doubtless beneficent, though we do not yet know why.

6. *Do* talk incessantly to your dear mother, on subjects of various interest, when strange gentlemen come to call. This is another of the things that you do naturally, without being invited, and I believe that you act on a moral instinct, benevolently implanted in your characters. Your mother will like it, whatever the gentlemen may do; but you will understand better about this when you are grown up.

7. *Do* read any books you please.

A good place for reading is under the table. Any books that amuse you, almost, are good books for you. Grown-ups generally say "Don't" because they have not read the books themselves, and don't know but that they may be bad for you. But hardly any book is bad for you as long as you are little enough to read it under the table. Afterwards it is different.

8. *Do* be nice to your Governess.

She has not much fun, and if you are nice to her, you cannot think what a difference it makes.

After all these "Do's," a few "Don'ts" may be offered.

1. *Don't* collect autographs.

Children who do this are often guilty of writing to Grown-ups whom they don't know, asking for their autographs. Now the poor Grown-up is very busy; he has hundreds of letters to write to dreary people who won't leave him alone, and why should you add to his troubles? Besides, he writes a dreadfully bad hand, not fit for a child to see, and his autograph is worth nothing, and never will be.

2. *Don't* send your birthday book to strangers.

This is even worse than common autograph collecting, for the book is sure to be mislaid, and the stranger has to hunt for it through dozens of places, getting overheated, and using language like that of the Buccaneers. Then he has to pack it up, and, generally, he thinks you a horrid little nuisance. Moreover, if once you begin, you may grow up an autograph hunter, one of the most wicked and annoying of living things—as bad as a pertinacious blue-bottle on a hot day. Don't you be like a blue-bottle fly.

3. *Don't* collect stamps.

They are ugly, dirty, useless things, and nobody collects them but idiots. I know a little boy, not otherwise quite lost, who wanted a St. Helena stamp. So he had the ghastly impudence to write a letter to General Cronje, otherwise very polite, but reflecting on “your King, Mr. Krüger.” I hope he did not get an answer, and a stamp (which was all that he wanted), and I think it likely that he did *not*. His was a thoughtless act, and it all came of stamp-collecting.

4. *Don't* write letters to children's magazines beginning, “I am only seven years old, but I always read *Golden Gossip*.” If you begin like that, you may end by writing letters to the newspapers signed “Publicola,” or even by recommending Somebody's Soap, or Pills. Even at your tender age you should not write gratuitously for publications. Except for Bazaars for good purposes, of course.

5. *Don't* bother people to help you with the “Lights” of Double Acrostics, a habit which, once formed, is rarely shaken off.

6. *Don't* keep hedgehogs, snakes, moles, white rats, chrysalises, and other wild beasts in your bed-room ; and, if you have an aquarium, don't carry about common objects of the sea-shore in your pockets. No practice makes a boy less agreeable to his elders after a day or two and the same remark applies to worms for bait.

7. *Don't* dine without washing your hands after stuffing a squirrel.

Remember how Robert Bruce dined without washing his hands after a battle, and what was said to him.

8. *Don't* hang about doing nothing but looking out of the window. This habit, if not checked, leads to loafing in clubs when you grow up, a most contemptible thing.

9. *Don't* pull away people's chairs, or make apple-pie beds, or set booby-traps. Only the very stupidest people do this, among the very smartest Grown-ups. Why qualify for an Idiot Asylum?

10. *Don't* believe in Palmistry. But, after all, I never heard of a child who was quite so silly.

11. *Don't* let your dear parents repeat your funny things; a child may do much good by firmly setting down his (or her) foot on this baneful practice.

A. LANG.



Sportsman (whose horse has bolted, to friend stuck in a gap): "Hi! Jack. Keep where you are, and you will stop this brute!"

Spring !

HAIL, Spring !
Let me sing-
-Er on the memories you bring,
Little birds awake and sing
Till the merry woodlands ring,
And I feel myself a king.
Yes, by Jing-
-O, a king !
And I mean to have my fling
In the Spring.

Hail, Spring !
With a ding,
Ding, dong ! Though we ming-
-Le of our grievances a string
With our welcome of the Spring,
Surly Winter's on the wing !
Though he fasten on our fing-
-Ers, with a last attempt to sting,
To our overcoats we cling
And defy him.
In the Spring
Chest protectors are the thing !

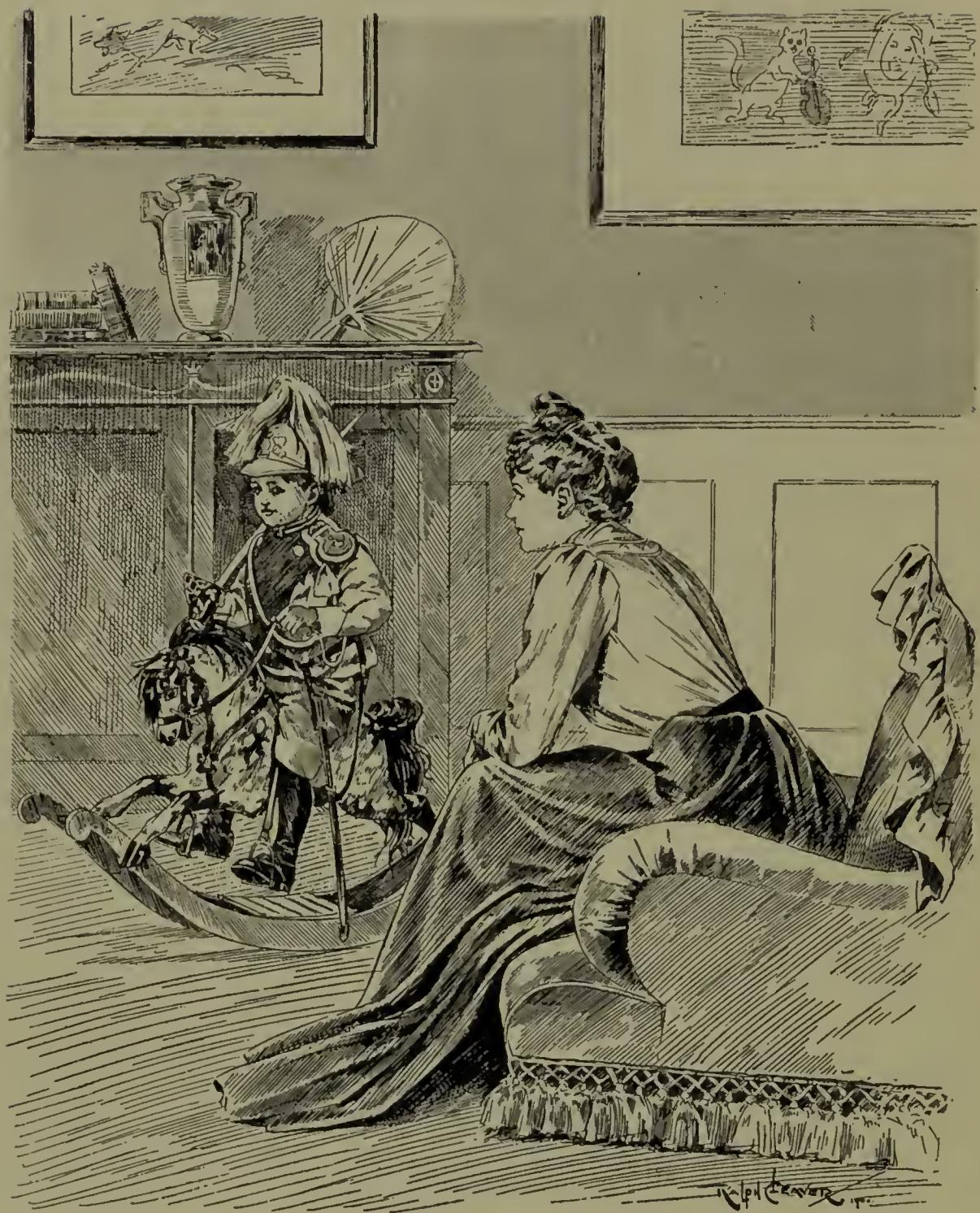
Hail, Spring, hail !
Let the cynical, who rail
At my theme as rather stale,
Go to Jericho, or jail.
They shall not come out on bail.
Hail, all hail !

Hail, Spring !
Hail ?
Let second thoughts prevail,
Do not *hail*.
With peace in every gale *
Scatter flowers o'er hill and dale,
But I positively quail
If you threaten us with *hail* !
Fight with Winter tooth and nail,
Pierce his panoply of mail
As the whaler wounds the whale,
Till he finally turns tail ; †
Then—hurrah for “ cakes and ale ! ”
For, when we joy on lavish scale,
Shall the sale of pale ale fail ?
Hail, pale ale, wassail !

FRED EDMONDS.

* “ While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody.”—THOMSON, *Spring*.

† Winter is evidently a species of dragon or prehistoric monster.



Auntie Pearl: "Really, Harry, I'm afraid you're very naughty—you'll never go where all good little boys go unless you improve."

Harry: "Well, Auntie, I've been to two Pantomimes and the Circus, and Pa says if I grow quick p'raps I shall go to the war ; an'—an' I can't expect to go *everywhere*, can I ?"

What's in a Name?

THE modern fashion of christening infants after the heroes of the moment, or celebrities, living or fictional, necessarily leads to ridiculous incongruities. It is time a law were passed that a person, on arriving at years of discretion, should be free, if he choose, to undo the indiscretion of his parents, and assume a name or names in harmony with his own ideas on the subject.

Behold a curate meek and mild,
Who lisps like any little child,
Who primly shuffles down the street
With warm-goloshed and noiseless feet ;
Who coos as softly as a dove
Of universal peace and love ;
And, shuddering at the battle's din,
Declares that war's a deadly sin ;
He's gentle, nervous, timid, shy—
The Reverend Roberts Buller Bly !

Here is a person, cold, precise ;
Perhaps he is not very nice,
But still a man of good hard sense,
Whose pounds proceed from well-earnt pence.
Romance will not be traced in him—
He'd call it "bosh," in accents grim.
The only music he approves,
The jingle of the coin he loves—
All poetry evokes his rage—
His name is Tennyson Browning Page !

See to the shed the milkmaid trudge,
Her large feet crushing through the sludge ;

Her fat red fingers clasp the pail,
Her ginger locks sport with the gale ;
She's healthy, strong, good-tempered, kind,
But hardly what you'd call refined.
Her mother loved the “ *nouvelette*,”
And so the name she chanced to get
Was neither Mary, Ann, nor Jane,
But Vivien Marjorie Elaine.

Yon little man, all skin and bones,
Is Hercules Samson Sandow Jones ;
Yon staggerer with reeling gait
Is Lawson Temple designate !
And so we see on every side
Most worthy names most misapplied,
And children, ere they've left the cot,
Labelled for ever what they're *not*.
Oh, stop the foolish parents' game,
And let us tax the fancy name !

W. SAPTE, JUN.



Bank_Holiday (Wessex way)

"While vools quoves scamblin over and nigh
We bides at whoam my dog and I."

George Ridder

A Change of Heir.

A Tragedy of the Death Duties.

THE old Duke's fingers trembled slightly as he signed the deed which was to transfer his vast possessions from him to his only son. It had been a struggle to bring his courage to the sticking point. In life he only feared two things—Death and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Duchess repressed a sob as her spouse signed the document, not so much out of consideration for others, as from the fact that she had forgotten her *mouchoir*. The old lawyer was crying on one side of his face as the Duke signed, and on the other was smiling at the young Marquis. “The Duke is penniless—long live the Marquis!” was his silent shout. He was an Irish lawyer.

“And now, Sir,” said the Duke to his offspring, “I am your heir. In the event of your death before me the property will devolve upon me. But unless I cheat Death in a remarkable way we shall do the Chancellor between us. What allowance do you intend to make me?”

“I shall make every allowance for you, father,” said the young man, “considering your age, your relationship to me, and the bad habit you have got into of wasting your time. But I do not intend that you shall be idle. How often have I heard you descant on the folly of thriftlessness. At how many public meetings have you not condemned the wickedness of doing nothing? And yet (here the young man's voice grew stern) I do not believe you have done any honest work since you were a fag at Eton. It will be good for your health to work; it will prolong your days. Besides, you have no money, and poverty is felt more heavily by the unemployed.”

The Duke started up. “Are you serious, or joking? It is an ill jest, Sir.”

“I never was serious before, father, but I am now. Let me see. You shall keep the Park gates. You will live in the cottage rent free, and be supplied with coals and—yes—tobacco.”

There was more conversation, but in the evening the Duke and Duchess left the Castle, each carrying a bundle which contained their wardrobe. They looked a nice old couple, and one of the stablemen offered to take them to the cottage in the donkey-cart. But the Duke declined with dignity ; he would accept nothing of his son's menials.

* * * * *

“ Gate ! ” shouted the Marquis, as he dashed up to the entrance of his park one summer afternoon some months later. He was driving a pair of spanking bays ; by his side sat a dainty arrangement in powder and chiffon, such as would never have been seen at the Castle when the Duchess reigned supreme.

The Marquis had to shout again before the old Duke hobbled out of the cottage.

“ I have given orders that the gates should be open in the afternoon,” said the young man sternly to his father. “ If those orders are not obeyed I must cut off the supply of tobacco. You are not young father, but you are not too old to learn obedience.”

The Duke touched his cap, and looked up sadly at his son. Suddenly he gave a hoarse cry, and pointed beyond his son to what should have been the groom. There on the back seat sat the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

At his father's sudden cry the Marquis turned round, and the movement startled the horses, who darted forward and tore against the gate-posts, upsetting the phaeton.

A glance at the Marquis showed that life was extinct. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was standing by the Duke, with a sweet, sad smile on his face.

“ I am avenged,” he said. “ As your son's heir you pay on succeeding to what you so wantonly made over to him, and when you die your cousin pays again. England expects every man to pay his duty.”

With that he disappeared, and the Duke fell senseless to the ground.

REGINALD TURNER.



Hopson.

Happy Days (except for old John).

The Confectioner his Shop.

O SHOP of glory, shop of bliss,
Where glass jars stand in rows,
Where all the warm-bun atmosphere
'Neath pinky gas-globes glows ;
Where, on a fair cane-seated chair,
In contemplative mood,
I let my eye stray round, and cry,
“ How beautiful is food ! ”

In shimmering lines on cosy trays
Lie plastic maccaroons—
More than a grown-up man could eat
In several afternoons ;
I see with smiles the generous piles
Of fruits and caramels ;
Nougat one finds of varied kinds,
And peppermint, which smells.

A lady with the loveliest clothes
Pecked up an ice or two,
But did not seem to feel them half
As deeply as I do ;
An aged dame out shopping came
And ordered sherry wine,
With that a bun, but only one—
I could, I think, eat nine.

A military-looking man,
Whose face seemed rather sad,
Gazed through the window at the sweets,
And sighed away like mad.

He did not come and purchase some ;
'Twas not that he was poor—
He spends no end, so says my friend,
The chemist's man next door.

O shop of glory, shop of bliss,
How can I help but grieve
To think that some don't enter, and
To think that I must leave !
To-morrow I will have a try
At that new botter-scutch :
The time to-day has come to say
Life's saddest words—"How much ? "

BARRY PAIN.



Study of a Dutchman.

M

“Punch”ed Heads of Remarkable Intelligence.

By *Mr. P.*’s Special “Mailed” Fist.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has found that Ireland agrees with her.

We agree with this, and Ireland agrees with us, which makes the first time we have all agreed *re* Ireland on any British subject. The Queen not being a British subject makes all the difference.

* * *

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES has been glad to find that though a bullet in the figure might impair the carriage, a bullet in the carriage does no harm to the figure.

* * *

H.H. THE AMEER is much depressed by his attack of gout in the right foot. He fears he will be unable to kick the Russians.

* * *

LORD ROBERTS has invited President Kruger to dinner at Bloemfontein —after the *entrée*. President Steyn will be allowed to come in for his desserts.

* * *

THE TRANSVAAL EXECUTIVE telegraph an “unfortunate occurrence” at Pretoria. Owing to Mr. Kruger having a hole in the top of his hat, Mrs. Kruger mistook him for his statue, and poured some water in for the birds to drink. It ran down his head like a waterfall, and the Transvaal Executive take this opportunity to protest in advance against Lord Roberts’s refusing to “recognise” the President of the Republic, because he happens to have a clean face.

* * *

LADY ROBERTS, with characteristic thoughtfulness, even for the enemy, has sent a pair of bedsocks to Mr. Kruger, to be worn over his boots. Mr. T. Atkins proposes to give him socks, too.

MR. WEBSTER DAVIS, late Assistant Secretary of the Interior, U.S.A., told a mass meeting at Chicago that he had seen British soldiers roasting wounded Boers on a gridiron. The audience cheered tumultuously.

* * *

LORD CURZON has ordered a new survey of India, with the royal road from Government House, Calcutta, to Downing Street, Westminster, clearly marked.

* * *

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is having his measure taken for a seat in the House of Lords, when we shall have the sense to call the Colonies to our Councils.

* * *

SIR WILFRID LAWSON throws cold water (neat) on this idea.

* * *

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has painted his flagship grey; but it is not true that he has painted Malta red.

* * *

M. DELCASSÉ, at a banquet to the Foreign representatives, said : “France of herself once more has made an Exhibition astonishing.” Cheers, and shouts of “Fashoda,” “More cartoons !”

* * *

LORD SALISBURY is conducting experiments into the value of the Opposition as a fertilizer for turnips, for he considers that it is of no further use on the field of politics.

* * *

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has ordered for Parliamentary use an eyeglass with two facets, so that when speaking he can keep his eye on the House and the Antipodes at the same time.

* * *

SIR W. HAROURT is engaged upon a treatise tracing the connection between the figures of Anglo-Saxon saints in Popish stained glass windows and the “attitude” of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on the Irish Catholic University question.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR finds that he can drive from the tee six yards further

when he has his golf balls stamped with the likenesses of certain Members who are always asking awkward questions ; but he displays his finest form when the Swift MacNeill ball is bunkered, and he can hit it with a niblick.

* * *

SIR HENRY C.-B. is practising for next Session the art of riding three horses at once, and sitting on a fence of barbed wire.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERRY has definitely entered Imperialism for the Premier Stakes.

* * *

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH has abandoned in disgust his programme of extended foreign travel. He found that it would take him through countries where tobacco pays no duty.

* * *

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has decided not to write again until he writes something worthy of the author of the "Recessional."

* * *

MISS MARIE CORELLI has decided not to write spitefully about her literary superiors.

* * *

MR. KENSIT, discovering that all cruciferous plants bear flowers in the shape of a cross, has made havoc of some allotment cabbage gardens. *Later:* The owners of the allotments have made havoc of Mr. Kensit.

* * *

MR. HOOLEY does not propose to accept a peerage, because he has no wish to embarrass the Lord Chancellor.

* * *

JUDGE BACON has made a joke. The Court laughed. The laughter was not suppressed.

* * *

MR. PUNCH, whose business is to make jokes, is serious for once—in wishing success to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

E. KAY ROBINSON.



Everard Hopkins

DICK. "Come along, Milly, we hasn't stormed the library yet—"

MILLY. "Oh I'm so hot Dick, can't we do some nice quiet deeds of heroism, sitting down?"



In health.

HARRY F. NEILSON.

My Fate.

“THIS season I’ll marry,” quoth I one day,
“ But how, when, or where, I really can’t say.
Of bachelor freedom I’ve had enough;
I’ve had my share of the smooth and the rough.”
So I made a note on my pink shirt-cuff
(All dotted and spotted with palest buff,)
That a wife I’d marry without delay.

That night I went to a very smart ball,
And fell in love with the fairest of all,
Who was clad in gauzy nothing-at-all.
Her glance met mine as she glided past—
On my shiny cuff I wrote, “ *Found at last!* ”
I stopped her, I clasped her willowy waist,
So tiny, so terribly tightly laced,
And my coat was white with powder and paste.
(She had put on her *poudre d’amour* in haste.)
We sat side by side on the dark back stairs ;
Each step was peopled by different pairs ;
We sat there so long, we sat there so late,
We sat till I found she was not my fate.
“ *Won’t wash,* ” I wrote opposite “ *Found at last.* ”
D’ you think I’d marry a girl who is fast ?

I went to some races, and there was told
Of a sweet, pale face with a crown of gold.
Her *ondulé*d hair was dark at the roots,
Her feet were in patent, pointed-toed boots.
Well—some bets were made, and money was paid,
And she looked so lovely, I almost said—
When I—impossible ! Could I have heard
Such a regular right-down naughty word !
I watched her face as the races were run,
I watched her face as the favourite won.
Thank heaven ! I found out before too late
That a gambling angel was not my fate.

I went to the river—the tranquil stream,—
Each day passed away in an endless dream ;
And I met such a dark-eyed syren there,
The form of a goddess, with wavy hair.
She could dive and swim, she could flirt and float,
She could paddle and punt, and manage a boat.
To be admired was what she adored ;
When I talked romance, she was quickly bored.
So I left her, with neither love nor hate,
For I saw at length she was not my fate.

I came back to London. Across the street
I saw at a window a face so sweet
It arrested my eye. 'Twas a face I knew,
And the look, though sad, was steadfast and true.
'Twas a Children's Home, and I ventured in
To that peaceful refuge from pain and sin.
Of her simple life the tale was soon told ;
—A girl who would neither be bought nor sold,
With an empty purse and a heart of gold.

I watched while she tended each little mite,
In her nurse's dress of gay pink and white.
I noticed each little pale face grow bright
At her pitying smile ; and the very sight
Of her gracious form seemed to bring relief
And to check the wailing of pain and grief.
She showed me the chapel ('twas getting late),
'Tis painted, and gilded, and most ornate.
As we knelt alone at the golden gate,
I loved her, I told her,—I *could* not wait,
For I knew at last I had found my Fate !

DIANE CHASSERESSE.



In sickness.

N

The Hospital Boy.

I'M a poor little chap with a pain in my side,
And I can't run about and play,
But lie on my back ; and I've tried and tried
To be quiet the long, long day ;
So they bring me books and the jolliest toys,
And prop me up on my bed,
And Nurse, in her white cap, says, "No noise ;
It's bad for your aching head."

So I lie all day, till a shadow comes
And dances upon the wall,
And Nursey sings, when the kettle hums
And my tired eyelids fall,
That I must be off to the Land of Nod
To see each peeping star
Begin to shine o'er the throne of God,
Where the little white angels are.

It's such a long time for a very small chap
To be quiet the whole day through ;
But Nursey takes me on to her lap,
And tells me a story true ;
She says I shall—soon—be—go-ing—to—sleep,
And wake in the Land of Joy,
If I pray good angels around you keep
For helping—a—poor—lit-tle—boy !

G. B. BURGIN

May.

A Song of Platitudes.

“ **I**T is not always May,”
Sang Longfellow, profoundly ;
“ There are no birds in last year’s nest,
All things are new”—you know the rest,
Or else can guess it roundly.

It is not always May,
The month that means spring cleaning ;
When housewives yearn to ply new brooms,
And wildly furbish up their rooms,
Brooke’s-soaping and benzining.

It is not always May,
When ’Arriet’s own new plush hat,
Exchanged with ’Arry’s at her side,
Outburnishes, at Whitsuntide,
The iridescent cushion.

It is not always May,
When London does the giddy,
And extra frills bedeck her gown,
To greet the folk who flock to town
From Cairo and the *Midi*.

It is not always May,-
When vernal bards grow restive ;
When o’erdue frosts the orchard nip,
And pet spring-chickens get the pip,
And chimney-sweeps are festive.

It is not always May—
(Excuse this repetition !)

The season when the Maypole's "in,"
And tadpoles, too, when mayflies spin,
And maydew 's in condition.

It is not always May—
'Tis May the *Third* less often !
Still less the chance we have to-day
To help sick children on their way,
Their youth's hard lot to soften !

ARTHUR A. SYKES (Z. Y. X.).



Scene : The Grounds of a Children's Convalescent Home.

Small Patient : "What does it say on that tree?"

Nurse : "It says 'No birdnesting allowed'"

Small Patient : "What's the good of that—birds can't read!"



Mother : "Now, Bobby, you must take your medicine."

Bobby : "Ugh ! I say, Mummy, may I send it with my sixpence to the Children's Hospital, 'stead of taking it myself ? "

A Visit from Mr. Punch.

IT is not often that any man is honoured by a call from *Mr. Punch* in person. Therefore, when he entered my chambers the other day, I rose at once, prepared to receive him with respectful cordiality.

There was something, however, in his manner which froze my geniality. It was not that he appeared angry or offended. But he had that slightly aggressive bearing which I always associate with persons who are about to ask me for money.

My deductions from his unpromising demeanour were quickly verified. He had scarcely entered the room when he began to warble, "Will you kindly put a shilling in my little tambourine——?"

"No!" I said, "I will *not*. I will not subscribe to any more War Funds."

"It's not a War Fund," he replied, mildly. "But if you will kindly put half-a-crown——"

"Nor to any Stop-the-War Funds," I interjected, savagely.

"No, no," said my visitor. "But if you will kindly put half-a-sovereign——"

"Then it's the Widows and Orphans? or the Wives off the Strength?"

"That's not it at all," he answered, testily. "But if you would kindly put a——"

"Don't say a sovereign!" I almost screamed. *Mr. Punch* has a way of raising his terms every time you don't bid that is positively Sibylline.

"But if you would kindly——"

"Confound it!" I cried; "why can't you finish your sentence? Go on."

"If you would——"

"You needn't begin all over again!" I grumbled.

"The fact is," said *Mr. Punch*, "I have not come to collect money either for War Funds or for Widows and Orphans—though both are

excellent objects for your generosity (I squirmed slightly)—but for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. And *now* will you kindly——”

I produced a cheque-book. “How much?” I growled.

“Shall we say five pounds?” said my visitor, insinuatingly.

“Extortioner!” I cried, wrathfully.

But I wrote the cheque.

ST. J. HANKIN.



Tom Wilkinson
1900

“What about *my* ‘Little Tambourine’?”



The Cripple's Home.

May 3rd, 1900.

WHO will cross swords with Sorrow,
The duellist grown grey,
Whose swift riposte “ To-morrow ”
Passes the guard “ To-day ” ?

Who will cross swords with Laughter,
Lithe Pagan, quick of eye,
Teaching the thrust “ Hereafter ”
The parry “ Till we die ” ?

Set them against each other,
Watch for the touch of steel,
Grief, that would pierce the mother,
Mirth, that the child would heal !

Ah, but we know it bootless,
A rapier to a foil,
And Laughter’s skill is fruitless
If Sorrow claim the spoil.

Yet once, in an oft-scorched city,
What if Grief humoured Wit,
Lowered his point in pity,
Granting to Mirth “ A hit ” !

E. T. HOPKINS.



Two Philosophers.

Edith: "Nurse says, there is no pleasure without its pain."

Nelly: "Yes, I know that's true. Even breakfast in bed has its crumbs!"

Les Enfants Malades.

To MISTER PUNCH.

DEAR MISTER,—What good, what excellent idea that of to ameliorate the sort of the ills, *le sort des malades*. Enough often the English and we others French we are not of accord. Question of politic, question of race. But when he act himself, *il s'agit*, of the ills, we not are more English or French, we are brothers in pity and in sympathy. *Et lorsqu'il s'agit, non seulement des malades, mais des enfants malades*, we have all the heart big and the tears to the eyes, nothing but of to think to these poors littles, *ces pauvres petits*, who support so young the misery and the pain.

Ah, cher Monsieur, j'adore les petits enfants ! Quelle charmante innocence, quel simple bonheur, que la vie de ces petits êtres, of these littles to bes. Celui qui ne les aime pas n'est qu'un monstre.

Eh well, that one such go himself of it assoon that possible to the Ormond Great Street, to the Hospital, and he not should think *désormais* but of to solace the misery of the infants who suffer.

Me I there am goed. What admirable installation, what comfortable, what light, what air, in those *salles* so well arranged ! And then, *tout autour, les pauvres petits si bien soignés, les infirmières et les médecins*, the infirmaries and the medicines, going softly from one little bed to the other, soothing the pain, curing the maladies.

Et dire qu'il faut fermer une partie de l'hôpital, faute d'argent, dans un pays si riche, dans une ville si vaste ! Ah ça, non ! Jamais !

Ah, *Mister Punch*, I come out or there the tears to the eyes to one such point—agitated rather by the sympathy than by the sorrow—that I perceive à peine the sad street of London, the sad sky of England. *Et je manque d'écraser un homme.* I march on his foots. *C'est un de vos costers-mongers.*

Il me parle violement, je comprends qu'il me dit des injures. Je lui

dis, “I you demand pardon, I comed quick of the Hospital. I was agitated—” “What!” s’écrit-il, “yer come from this Orspital, and I called yer a bloomin furriner, and maybe yer blubberin for some pore kiddy what’s dyin in there! So help me, guvnor, it’s me as arsks yer pardon, for I ain’t forgotten my pore kiddy—” et là-dessus il s’essuie fartivement les yeux de la main gauche, en me tendant l’autre. Je la serre cordialement.

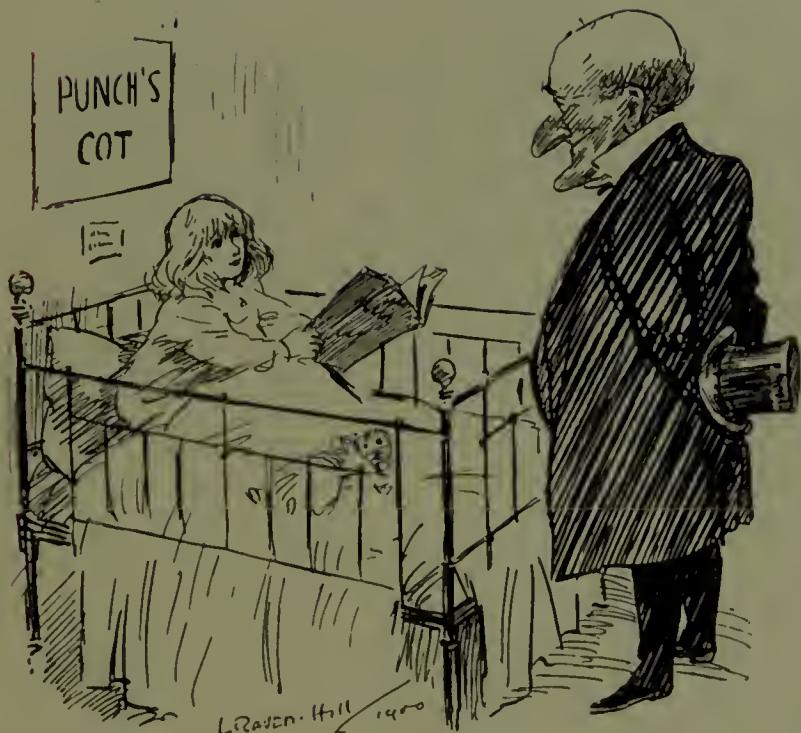
Ah, the brave coster-monger! He possess the *politesse du cœur*, and I respect him.

Et voilà tout ce qu’il faut entre la France et l’Angleterre—la politesse et le respect!

Agree then, dear Mister, my most good wishes for your work of charity so excellent and for this good Hospital, so worthy to be aided, and receive, I you pray, the assurance of the high consideration with the which I have the honour of you to do my empressed salutations.

AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE.

L'Envoi.



"You're getting along nicely now, eh?"

PLEASE to remember the address: 'tis the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. Also, since we are nothing if not practical, bear in mind that *Mr. Punch's* Box for Contributions to the aforesaid Hospital is always open. You have only to address your donations, large or small, to Messrs. BRADEURY, AGNEW & Co., 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. And do not forget to drop into the *Punch* Box an "extra-special" mite, for the benefit of such human mite as may be in "The *Punch* Cot." So, in the interests, general and particular, of this Hospital, *Mr. Punch* begs to add

"One word at parting, brothers all,"

And that word is, "Part!"

F. C. BURNAND.



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